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MISSION
IN EDE

BY MRS. CROSBY H. WHEEL

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MOUNT ARARAT.

MISSIONS IN EDEN

Glimpses of Life in the
Valley of the Euphrates

Susan Anna (Brodbeck)
MRS. CROSBY H. WHEELER
For forty years a Missionary of the American
Board in Harpoot, Eastern Turkey

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Introduction

THESE glimpses of missionary life, which friends of missions have urged me to write, are sent forth with the prayer that some may be helped and strengthened by them to do more earnest work for the Master, who calls every Christian at home and abroad to enter His vineyard. Almost fifty years of labor in the home and foreign field have convinced me that the earnest worker will receive, even now, a blessed reward. What will it be to hear the Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"?

The hope for the future of missions is brighter to-day than ever before, and with joy I dedicate this little volume to the Student Volunteers from whom I expect so much.

MRS. C. H. WHEELER.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
Shalt bless the earth, when in the world above
The good begun by thee shalt onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grown,
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield the fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

CARLOS WILCOX.

Missions in Eden

I

ALL THE WAY TO TREBIZOND

In 1857, the American Board did not send out their missionaries in steamers, but in sailing vessels. On the second of January, in that year, eleven missionaries went on board the Henry Hill in Boston harbor, bound for Smyrna.

It was just after an eastern storm, and the good ship was not so quiet as she would be before our journey's end. Ten of the eleven missionaries were found at the table that day. It was midwinter, and the tendency to seasickness made us all hug our warm wraps about us. The wind was fair and the ship under full sail sped over the waves like a thing of life.

The next day we were all out on deck enjoying the wide expanse of ocean; for this was our first experience at sea. Shut up as we were in the ship, and with so much of common interest in the work to which we had given ourselves, we were not long in getting acquainted. Some of

the scenes on deck and at the long table in the cabin are so painted upon the mind that they will never become indistinct.

Soon we were in the Gulf Stream and were interested in the changed color of the water, the cloudy sky and continuous lightning, and not the least, in the grateful warmth that resulted from the current coming from a warmer region.

Every day we found something to interest us, for everything was new and we were ready to drink it in.

The good captain was also ready to give us all the information we sought, and the days were passing very pleasantly, when, one evening, we began to see clouds gathering in the east. The sailors seemed more active than usual, the sails were being furled as the wind was rising. The captain occasionally used his glass as he paced the quarter-deck with a quicker and more nervous step. Soon darkness shut us in and an Atlantic storm burst upon us in all its fury. The noble ship pitched and rolled fearfully. It seemed as if in the darkness some mighty demon with his terrible sledge hammer was trying to send us all to the bottom.

Were we sorry that we had left the quiet homes behind and were bearing the dangers of

the deep to carry the gospel to those who were in darkness?

It was gloomy in the cabin as we sat and listened to the smashing of glass and the noises made by everything that was not securely lashed; and we ourselves were in danger of being pitched over the table against the sides of the cabin. Now a great wave breaks over the ship, she trembles like a human creature and for a moment ceases to move. Is she going down? Oh no, she has eleven missionaries on board, and like Paul and Silas, they are singing! He who bade them go and disciple the nations is just as much in the ship as He was in the boat on Galilee. How could they be afraid?

For forty hours the strong ship battled with the storm, while we were shut up in the cabin which was almost as dark as night. Once the gangway door flew open and the water came rushing in swashing back and forth across the floor. But on the morning of the second day we were allowed to go upon the lower deck. As I expressed a desire to look at the waves, a powerful man said, "Come," and helped me to the quarter-deck, from which I saw the most glorious sight. The ocean was lashed into foam, the waves, tinged with all the colors of the rainbow,

were literally piled up to the clouds. Sometimes our little ship mounted to the heavens, then went down into the great yawning depths, where it seemed we should surely be swallowed up. It was like an arena where ferocious monsters, lashed into madness, were striving to destroy one another. While I stood gazing upon the awful and grand panorama, our captain came along and said, "You wished to witness a storm at sea; you may be satisfied with this, unless you are ready to go to the bottom." I was satisfied, for in awful sublimity it far surpassed anything I had ever imagined.

After the storm the fair wind again took us swiftly on our way, and the captain told us we should soon see the African coast and far-famed Gibraltar on the opposite side.

We all watched eagerly, and the glass passed swiftly from hand to hand when the captain pointed out what seemed like only a little cloud on the horizon, and told us it was the northern coast of Africa. Like a bird we sailed through the great rocky bulwarks of the straits of Gibraltar, and found ourselves in a quieter sea.

We were soon on classic ground, and our school days came flocking back to introduce to us the places about which, with so much interest,

we had studied, and we found many a familiar name all clustered over with the sweetest memories.

One bright morning Malta was on our right and Italy on our left, where the great missionary to the Gentiles had labored and died. Soon we reached the shores of Greece, whose more modern history had aroused all our indignation against oppression, and made us feel grateful to the nations that had helped her in her time of dire distress. There the favoring wind bade us good-bye and we drifted almost helplessly up and down the shores of Hydra, till one of our number declared, "If we stay here much longer we shall all have Hydrophobia."

After fifty-nine days we found ourselves entering the harbor of old Smyrna, where one of the seven churches was planted and where the candlestick has never been removed; for the Christian Church has never been extinct in Smyrna. There our happy circle was broken. Mr. and Mrs. White went south to Aleppo, Mr. and Mrs. Coffin to Aintab, Miss Dodd stopped in Smyrna, and Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and their daughter Emily, came north to Constantinople.

Smyrna was then a real old Oriental city with

rickety wharves and more rickety buildings; now it has a beautiful breakwater, fine harbor, and quays which would be an honor to any seaport, while the whole city has put on a European appearance.

There we took steamer for Constantinople, and enjoyed the trip through the Grecian Archipelago where every island seemed like an old friend bidding us welcome. Early on the morning of the second day, we hurried to the deck that we might not lose one of the beautiful views that meet the eye of the traveller as he enters the Golden Horn.

The panorama that unfolded to our gaze far surpassed what we expected, and we do not wonder that this view ranks among the most beautiful in the world.

We were surrounded by yelling men, and picturesque boats seen in no other part of the world. When we reached the quay, the beauty seemed to dissolve into dirty streets, brawling men and mangy dogs. Here we spent several weeks with the delightful missionaries, Drs. Goodell, Schauffler, Dwight, Riggs, E. E. Bliss and our own Dr. Hamlin, who lovingly received us to his home and initiated us into some of the secrets of missionary life. In Miss Mary Goodell we found

our associate for many years and in Mr. Mardiros Shimavonian, of Dr. Hamlin's Training School, the first pastor for the first Protestant church in our field.

Early in April we took the steamer up the Black Sea ("The Great Bowl of Ipecac" as a noted scholar called it) to Trebizond, where the women wore the long white veil like a shroud and the men put on every color of the rainbow. Here we stayed till it was decided at the annual meeting at Constantinople that we should go to Armenia.

This old Greek city of Trebizond is the place where Xenophon reached the sea after his long and hazardous journey with the ten thousand who were saved from the great Greek army that invaded the Persian Empire. It is beautifully located upon high land sloping to the sea, and its horseshoe-like appearance makes it look like a safe harbor; but it proves to be the most treacherous on the whole coast. Sometimes in a storm, the steamers dare not stay to land their passengers, lest they be driven ashore by the heavy waves. The evangelistic work here among the Armenians has not made the progress that it has in many an interior city. The people are surrounded by many influences that make them

more worldly, and they seem more satisfied or preoccupied. Like their neighbor, the Greek, they love better to hear or tell some new thing.

This place was, a few years ago, the centre for Persian travel, but the more enterprising Russian has opened, further to the north, a railroad connection with Persia and largely diverted the trade from Trebizond. Like many a Turkish city it may decline more and more till it loses all of its former position among the great cities of the Greeks.

II

HOW CHRIST CAME TO ARARAT

In these days it seems hardly necessary to add this chapter; but I have been urged to do so for the sake of younger readers.

Armenia is a high table-land among the Taurus mountains, from four to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its boundaries have varied from time to time, one author giving its extent as five hundred and fifty miles from east to west, and two hundred and fifty miles from north to south.

Mr. F. D. Greene says, "Armenia is a large plateau, quadrangular in shape and sixty thousand square miles in area; about the size of the state of Iowa. It is bounded on the north by the Russian frontier, by Persia on the east, Mesopotamia on the south, and Asia Minor on the west." In the marginal readings in the Bible (2 Kings xix. 37) it is called Ararat, and this name seems to have been used at one time for the whole land. In Jer. li. 27, the prophet summons the people of Ararat to combine with the Medes to overthrow Babylon. Others tell us that

the name came from Aram, one of their famous kings, and was at first called Aramia.

Several ancient inscriptions show that Ararat was the earliest name of Armenia, so that Gen. viii. 4, "The ark rested upon the mountains of the Ararat," read with this understanding refutes the cavil of some modern travellers who say it was impossible for the ark to rest on Mount Ararat which is seventeen thousand feet above the plain and is perpetually covered with snow and ice. Mount Ararat is situated in the centre of Ancient Armenia, and has always been a place of great interest to European travellers. One traveller says, "Nothing can be more beautiful or more awful than its height. All the surrounding mountains sink into insignificance when compared with it. It is perfect in all points—no rugged feature, no unnatural prominence, everything is in harmony, and all combine to render it one of the sublimest objects in nature."

The rivers of Armenia are among the most interesting in the world. The great Euphrates has its rise in Armenia not far from Mount Ararat, so also has the Tigris, (the Hiddekel of Scripture). These flow onward toward the Persian Gulf, not far apart, till in the lowlands of Mesopotamia they unite their waters before reaching the sea.

The Acampsis of the ancients (probably the Pison of the Bible) rises in Armenia and flows into the Black Sea. The Araxes (the Gihon of Genesis) flows past Ararat and empties into the Cyrus which flows into the Caspian Sea. These facts seem to be in accord with the idea of the people of Armenia, who believe that not only the second but the first cradle of the human race was in Armenia.

Armenia has also many lakes; one of these, Van, eighty miles long and forty wide, is a beautiful inland sea whose changing blue waters are a joy to the weary traveller journeying over the green hills and valleys toward the famous old walled city of Van, situated upon its shores.

There many things will tell you of a civilization older than the time of Babylon's proud king Nebuchadnezzar, who has left the history of his warlike greatness on the citadel-like rock that must have been the key to this city. Perhaps no region of Armenia has more natural beauty or is more fruitful than that around this great lake. No region would give such a thrilling history of the past as this, if it could only be written.

Though the winter in Armenia is cold and often high winds prevail, yet the fruit is abundant. The warm sunny valleys produce all the

fruits found in the temperate zones, and with care, some that grow in the tropics could be easily raised. The country has mines of silver, copper and iron, and abundance of coal is ready for use in the mountains, which will be a great source of wealth when this land shall be governed by a nation which cares to develop its vast resources.

The Armenians are not Turanian in origin, like many of the races in Northwestern Asia; but their language shows them to be of Aryan stock.

According to their own tradition they are descended from Togarmah, the grandson of Japheth. Some ethnologists tell us that the word Togarmah is compounded of two Sanscrit words, Toka which means tribe or race, and Armah, Armenia. Armenia was the name by which the province was known to Western or European nations. They call themselves Haik or Haig, from Haig, the son of Togarmah, and their land Haiasdan.

The Armenians were closely allied to the Persians and were fire worshippers in their religion. Sometimes they were strong enough to have an independent kingdom, and then we find them the allies of the Persians, as they no doubt were when Persia invaded Greece. This made the

Greeks hostile to them. Then we find them so intimately allied to the Parthians, as at one time when they had a Parthian dynasty on the throne. This brought them into the great wars between the Parthians and the Romans, and many of the battles between these nations were fought on Armenian territory. Traces of the great campaigns of the Romans are still found in the land.

The Armenians believe that Thaddeus, one of the disciples of Christ, first brought the gospel to them, and that many then received it. If this be true they went back to their idolatry; for it was not until the last part of the third century that they received Christianity through Gregory the Illuminator, the royal secretary of Tiridates. At this time Christianity became the state religion. King Tiridates was baptized and commanded that his people should accept the Christian religion. Many of the nobles opposed the king; but he prevailed, and the Armenians have the honor of being the first people who made Christianity their national religion. Henceforth they were cut off from their friendship with the Persians. Thousands laid down their lives under the cruel treatment of Sapor II., who determined to destroy the Christian religion and bring them

back to sun worship. He slaughtered them in cold blood, and even built a tower out of the skulls of the Christians. Afterward an Armenian bishop built a city, called in history Martyropolis, over the place where so many gave up their lives rather than return to idolatry. The old church of the Martyrs is still standing, a beautiful relic of ancient Armenian architecture.

During this time of persecution many of the Armenians wandered into other countries, and finally the Turk conquered the whole land.

The sufferings of the people were great, and so was their poverty; yet Christianity did not die out among them. Great ignorance prevailed, but still we find them reaching forward for something higher and better. They could not be kept confined to the field, the loom or the shop; but some rose even to dignity in official service and became the bankers, brokers and merchants of the land.

III

FLEEING FROM A DEADLY FOE

THE annual meeting at Constantinople decided to strengthen the Mission Station at Harpoot, by sending to the aid of Mr. Dunmore, the lone missionary there, who had written, "The Christians are so hostile, that any day I may die like a dog in the streets," the Rev. O. P. Allen and wife, of Trebizond, and the new missionaries, Rev. C. H. Wheeler and wife.

When we received our marching orders, we did not draw back because of the danger at Harpoot, or the difficulties of the way; we had not expected a bed of roses or a path without thorns. I think the dangers and hardships served rather to stimulate us for what was in the future. We had heeded the Master's command, "Go ye!" and we fully believed in the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." We could sing—

"I will go where you want me to go, Lord,
Over mountain or valley or sea,
I will do what you want me to do, Lord,
I will be what you want me to be."

What days of planning those were in Trebizond as we made ready for the long journey—thirty

days over mountains, valleys, rivers, and hot, dusty plains in midsummer, for it was now the middle of June. We must have a tent for our house and all the paraphernalia for eating, drinking and sleeping. We must be our own doctors in case of accident, or what was worse, poisonous malaria. So the medicine chest and the big doctor's book must have a place. Much good advice as to how to conduct ourselves on this journey, was given by the dear missionaries at Constantinople and Dr. William Goodell, son of "Father Goodell," sent us some special information as to how to meet some of the sicknesses that might be in our path.

The last days of June we left Trebizond on a palatial Russian steamer, and reached Samsun, the hot bed of malaria, on Saturday evening. Here we must stay till muleteers and mules could be found for the journey to the interior of Asia Minor. We were all in good spirits and glad to be on our way. Ready if need be, "to burn our ships behind us," we bade good-bye to the steamer and soon found lodgings in the mission chapel at Samsun, hoping by Monday to move to higher regions where we should be safe from malaria.

Alas, it was well that we could only see a few

MOFFAS, A METHOD OF TRAVELLING.

steps ahead, for on Monday morning one of our number seemed to be at death's door. The poisonous malaria had her in its grasp and dysentery set in with one of the symptoms most to be dreaded. An Italian physician, who had just buried his brother, dying of the same disease, came to the rescue, and after a few days, counselled us to get away, if only for a few hours, to the higher land back of the coast. The invalid was able to be dressed and lifted into the Persian *moffa*, which is a basket with a framework like a chaise top covered with cloth to keep off the sun. Two of these were bound to the back of a stout mule, little Emily was placed in one and her mother in the other, the weight was adjusted with extra baggage or stones, and the caravan started away from the pestilential city.

It was afternoon before we were started on our journey eastward. The more bracing air was refreshing; but the way seemed long and the shaking in the *moffa* enough to drive away even malaria. Every step of the mule was becoming unbearable when, at length, we reached a camping-place, and the kind husband spread his rug on the ground and gently lifting the impatient wife from the *moffa* placed her upon it, where she rested till a large, comfortable tent was

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the *moffa*, or as we passed over the sides of the mountain on what was little better than a sheep path, where one misstep of the mule might send us hundreds of feet down the precipice into a roaring torrent.

Once when making a journey to the northern part of our field, the *moffas* were carried through a pass in the mountains upon the shoulders of men, and a strong Kurd took me by the arm to guide me across. His leathern sandals made it safe for him, while the sand constantly gave way under my feet, and I should certainly have rolled into the roaring stream had it not been for his grasp. He kept saying "Korkma, korkma" (Don't fear, don't fear). "If you go into the stream I shall go with you." The very ridiculousness of the comfort made me laugh.

Again on this same journey we must cross a swollen stream. I left the *moffa* and was mounted upon a powerful horse that could swim. One Kurd took the bridle, another was to hold me on if need be, and the third went behind to seize the tail of the animal should he be carried away by the strong current. I was told to shut my eyes or look at the opposite shore, for I should become dizzy if I looked at the tumbling waters. As we must cross this stream I plucked up cour-

age, shut my eyes, and was landed safely on the opposite shore. Such journeying is not the most healthful exercise for nervous women, and I do not at all wonder that some have said, "I do not care to take such a journey the second time." It has happened twice in Eastern Turkey that the animal has taken the false step and gone down the mountain-side with ladies and children in the *moffas.* In neither case however were the ladies or children injured, even though the *moffas* were torn in pieces and, in one case, the mule killed. I think no people learn so thoroughly to trust God as the missionaries, and He has kept His promise to them, often in a wonderful manner.

We must return to our journey down the Chamli Bel. We came to the great marble quarry, and soon old Sebastia (Sivas) was seen in the distance; but what a climb we had to get down to the plain, and "Yawash, Yawash" (slowly, slowly) it surely was, for the muleteers were careful of their mules even when they cared little about their passengers. It was almost sundown when, away off on the plain, we saw two horsemen coming on a gallop. As they approached we discovered by their hats that they were missionaries coming to welcome us.

Few save missionaries know the joy of greet-

ing fellow-laborers in a strange land. We forgot all the trials of the way as we entered the city and wound about the narrow streets, the projecting houses often overtopping our heads where a narrow lane led into wider streets, till we reached the home of the missionary. Yes, let me emphasize the word *home*, for *no one* knows better how to make a home than he who has left all to be a missionary, and no one *excels* the missionary in power to make you *feel* at home. You soon feel you are all brothers and sisters come home for Thanksgiving. For the new missionary they have the sweetest sympathy and for the old the profoundest respect.

"You will not go any farther, so just dismiss your muleteers and stay here till another spring," said the missionaries. "What do you mean, brethren?" asked one of the travellers, with a shade of wonder in his blue eyes. "Why, it will be dangerous to go on to Harpoot while the Nominal Christians are in such a hostile state. We do not even think that Mr. Dunmore should remain there." The new missionaries replied, "We were sent to Harpoot; to Harpoot we will go according to orders."

The rest among these friends was a bit of Heaven, and Harpoot was only ten days away.

Fleeing from a Deadly Foe

We started early on Monday in order to reach Arabkir for the Sabbath. Crossing a bridge over the Halys we began the ascent into the mountainous regions once more; for we were now in the table-lands of Armenia. We were now following the military road of the Romans, and passed over bridges built by them, and cuts excavated by them when they went to fight the Parthians.

We spent the Sabbath, as we had planned, at the beautiful city of Arabkir, nestling down between the hills: the rich foliage of the abundant trees with the high mountain bulwark behind them, made a lovely picture. Then it was decided that one of the resident missionaries should go with us to Harpoot. We sent no word to Mr. Dunmore that we were coming, fearing we might be prevented from entering the city.

Monday, about noon, we reached the old Euphrates and sat down on its banks looking out on its stream. Imagination was busy with the past, when the old scow, looking as though it had been rescued from the debris of the flood, was paddled to the shore. We were soon seated on the raised platform in the bow, while with much yelling and gesticulating, the loads and animals were brought in.

After crossing the river we were in the Harpoot field and only about thirty miles from Harpoot. Gumush Maden (Silver Mine), where we landed, had been a famous old town, the capital of the Pashalic, but the seat of Government had been removed to Mezereh, near Harpoot, and the city had rapidly become a ruin. This city witnessed a fearful rebellion of the Koords, and thousands had been slaughtered on the banks of the river. "It seemed like blood," said one who witnessed it, "and all the roads to the city were made awful by the impaled Kurdish heads, to show the people what the Turk could do."

An easy day's travel brought us to a village near the city and there we pitched our tent for the last time, near the wall of a vineyard. It was late, and the people, weary with their harvesting, were many of them sleeping, so we quietly took our evening meal and made ready for the night. We afterward learned that this was a large Armenian village, at first very hostile to the missionaries, but later, one of the most progressive and hopeful of all the villages on the plain of Harpoot, which is said to support more than three hundred villages.

We did not hurry in the morning as it was only five or six miles to the city. We all felt

HARPOOT.

excited and dressed with more than ordinary care, that we might not shock our lone missionary. In less than an hour, the chief of the muleteers grinningly congratulated us, while he pointed up to what seemed a fortification on a high spur of the mountains, and said, "Harpoot." Soon we could distinguish the outlines of houses with a tall minaret here and there. At our right, as we passed over the plain, were several cozy looking villages nestling among the trees, and looking more inviting than the rock-ribbed city so high up.

We wound round the mountain-like hill to the top, and were directed to the house of the missionary, which proved to be on the outskirts of the city. Just as we reached the large gate of the court, the missionary came out to meet us with a look of great surprise and a warm greeting.

Our arrival was soon noised throughout the city, and those interested came to bid us welcome. Their welcome was so cordial that we felt we should soon find friends among these strangers.

One woman came with a servant bearing a large waiter piled high with the most luscious fruit, and the friendship then commenced was lifelong.

IV

THE PROTE KONAK

MR. DUNMORE had been in Harpoot only a few months. His wife's health failing had made it necessary for her to return to America, and Mr. Dunmore was left alone with his Armenian servant. The house he occupied was built by a wealthy Armenian, and was really one of the best built houses in the city; and almost the only one at that time that had glass windows or the luxury of board floors.

Keshish Oghloo, the builder, was an Armenian, though his name, which means Son of the Priest, was Turkish. Being wealthy and the special friend of the Pasha, he built this house like a Turkish Konak—one part for the men and the other for the women of the family, with two outside doors. In each division the rooms opened into large halls, and two sides were surrounded by a court. On one side of this court a door led into a passage cut into the rock, where was a basin which received a stream of pure spring water flowing out of the hill. The living rooms were all in the second

story, and flights of stone steps from the outer court led up to the large halls. The lower story had large rooms devoted to stalls, stables, granary and a wine vat. The building of such a great house had ruined Keshish Oghloo, and to get rid of his creditors, he put a Turkish family into it, and left for Constantinople. But the Turk refused to pay rent, whereupon the friends of the owner, hearing that a missionary was looking for a house, came to Mr. Dunmore and offered him this one, hoping he would find a way to get rid of the Turk. "I will take the house for ten years," said the far-seeing missionary. The old Turk soon left, and this Konak became the birthplace of our first church, schools, Theological Seminary and Girls' Seminary. The lower rooms on the street were fitted up for a chapel and school, with two missionary residences in the upper part.

Mr. Dunmore received us very lovingly into this castle-like home. "Here," he said, "you can make two fine apartments, with two outside doors." So one family took the men's apartments on the east, and the other the women's on the west. With a few changes these were made very homelike. The addition of our American furniture and fittings, almost made us forget

that we were in the interior of Turkey. Mr. Dunmore loved to bring some of the official Turks into the parlor to hear them say in their deep guttural tongue "Mashallah!" (Wonderful).

Living in such a house, among such a people, gave us a position at once. We have always thanked God for providing such a home for us. On this same land, we have built up our schools and college. The Pasha of Mezereh wished this house and the owner urged the missionaries to leave. They replied, "Our contract is still good for eight years, and we shall not leave." Then he offered to sell the property to the missionaries for less than its cost. But where should we get the money? God had provided this also. Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, heard of our need and offered to lend us the money. This was another blessing coming out of his wonderful "bakery," established at the time of the Crimean War. The missionaries paid back the money so kindly loaned, from the rent, and when the last payment was made, turned over these buildings and the land to the American Board. No one can say this was careless use of money; and could they have seen these same mission grounds just before the massacre, with all the college buildings, and the trees and fountains of water,

they too would have felt, like the Harpoot missionaries, that God had given us a goodly heritage.

We were the much discussed people of the city. It was just after the Crimean War and, as "Inglese," (English) we were respected by the Turks, and as the Protestants had been recognized by the Government as a separate community, we were protected in our civil rights and looked up to as the honorary heads of this community.

But the hostile Gregorian element looked upon us as innovators and warned the people to keep away from us. Every spare moment we gave to the language, for without a tongue we could not do much. It was rumored about the city that the new Hanums (Ladies) could read and write.

"Yes," said one of the men, reporting to the women of his house, "these newcomers talk with their husbands and, I am told, they sit at the same table and *eat with their husbands!*"

"I don't believe a word you tell me. They are young women—and who ever heard of *young* women, even in the rich houses, eating with the men! The old mothers do sometimes, but a bride—who ever heard of a bride sitting down to eat with her husband!"

"Hazik, Hohannes Effendi's sister, has been to see them and she says these things are true, and

Sarkis Effendi's wife went to call and, according to custom, had her servant take a present of fruit. These women received her very politely, and she says they are not wicked women who have come here to steal away our sons for soldiers or to destroy our church. Our priests are certainly mistaken in what they say of them."

"O brother Hagop, do you not know that Hohannes Effendi and Sarkis Effendi are Protes (a term of reproach used for Protestants), and both of them are among those who read that Prote Bible. They even say that they were among those who joined the Prote church, which was organized by that stout, black-eyed Frank who came here before these people came. Have you forgotten that he had a wife and that she went away? These women will go away in a short time. I heard old Hacher Baba say they were not the wives of these men, they were only hired by the month."

"Maireeg," (Little Mother) said Hohannes, "I wish you would go and call; you are a bright, discerning woman, and I am sure you would be able to give me a true idea of what kind of people these are."

"Why, Hohannes, you shock me. Do you think I would go to that Konak and call on

women that our Der Baba (Father priest) has warned us against? Why, I should endanger my soul. I heard that Menas Effendi, going near the house in the dark, by mistake touched the corner of the part they use for a chapel, and he went home and washed his hands in soap and water, saying, 'I have defiled my hands by touching that Prote building.' Then, too, Hohannes, I have heard that all who go to talk with them come away Protes. They give them a kind of drink that bewitches them. No, indeed. It is impossible for me to call upon them."

"Dear little mother, you need not drink the sherbet. I have heard that they are not accustomed to give it in their land, but follow our customs. They will not think you impolite if you do not take it."

"But what should I do if they brought coffee, because I refused the sherbet, or sweetmeats, as surely they would do knowing that I am from the great Effendi's house?"

"Oh mother, you are so shrewd that you would be just the one to go; but your arguments are good and I respect them. What will you say if I tell you that I believe all the things said against these people are lies, the result of the ignorance and darkness of our people? Look into the

faces of these men and women and see how pure and frank they are, more like the angels and the dear Christ Himself!"

"Hohannes! Hohannes! have you been to that Prote Konak?"

"No, little mother, I have not; but I have watched these people ever since the day they came into the city, and I am persuaded that they are not what the priests say they are."

"Hohannes Agha, (Lord)[1] I beg you will not breathe this before your father or grandfather; they will beat you, drive you into the streets and bolt the door on you. Coozig, (Little lamb) promise me that you will not go to the Prote Konak."

"I will promise you mother, if only you will promise to go yourself."

"Sometime, if I can find an excuse, I will go and learn all I can; but your grandfather would be angry if I should go now, and your father would blame me too, though he is too polite and kind to beat me."

"Then, little mother, I will promise you to wait; but do you not see that we are ignorant and need enlightening? Why should Dertad beat his wife and when we rebuke him, say,

[1] Mothers often call their sons even when mere children Agha or lord.

'She is only a chojuke (a child), and I have a right to make her obey—what does she know? She *is* ignorant, but how should she know better? We are all like cattle only the poor women are more like the donkeys that get all of the beatings."

"Why, Hohannes, you talk like one of those Protes! Where have you learned these things?"

"I have heard my father and grandfather talk about these people with Hovsep Effendi, and I believe they are more than half persuaded that our whole church and people are in gross darkness, bound down by the chains of superstition."

"Alas! alas! my heart dies within me. What are we coming to?"

These discussions in the families about us were just what we were glad to hear. If we had been able to talk with them at first, we might have committed some very great mistakes. Now we were there in that Konak for them to study us, and we had the people spread out before us like a panorama, as day by day we studied their language and their customs.

How often have we thanked God in latter years that we had not the gift of tongues. But you will ask—"Were you shut out from the people while you were learning their language?"

V

ARMENIAN ETIQUETTE AND HOUSEKEEPING "À LA FRANK"

To answer your question in the last chapter we will say, We neither bolted our doors nor "Kept our dogs, to keep people away."

We remembered that we were missionaries sent out by the churches to evangelize the people to whom we were sent.

Whatever we found that was good we were to strengthen, whatever was bad must be rooted up.

We were not sent to change the customs of the people, or to make sport of them because they were unlike our own. Our customs were just as strange to them as theirs were to us. In fact we did not go to Americanize the people; we soon learned that many of their customs were better for them than ours would be. For example: we were filled with pity for the poor little babies that were bound up like little mummies in swaddling clothes and, through our influence, some of the young mothers made little dresses for their babies. What was the result? I really fear that some of them were made sickly

and perhaps died from our interference with what we did not understand. In winter they did not warm their rooms with stoves as we did, and the children were not protected as they would have been if bound up. Then they might be treated more roughly than we treated our babies, and an injured arm or leg might be the result.

We learned after a while to appreciate the first Turkish word we heard, "Yawash" (Slowly).

The style of dress was wholly Oriental. European ideas had not yet reached the people. Our dress was just as strange to them as theirs was to us. They did not wholly accept our way of dressing, and sometimes they would venture to criticise and ask why we did not dress as they did. We always replied laughingly, "We are à la Frank, like the Europeans," and they would reply, "Yes, you are Inglese." So all the things we did that were new to them,—from the manner in which we ate at table, to the way we ladies rode on a side-saddle,—were settled as right, because "à la Frank": and thus we were saved from much criticism.

Some of the manners of the Armenians we consider very beautiful. The manner in which they receive you into their homes is more grace-

ful than ours. You are greeted at the door with "paree yegar" (you come in peace). Then as you enter the reception-room they say "Hramet-sek,"—which surpasses in meaning any one word which we have; but which gives you the right to the place as you give the right of the city to a distinguished guest. Finally you are motioned to a seat of honor—and, as there are degrees of honor, the person they esteem most honorable (age is always honored) or the one who enters first is motioned to the upper right hand corner of the divan where there are extra cushions. The next most honorable person is assigned to the left hand corner, which also has the extra cushions.

As you must curl your feet up under you on these cushions, you are expected to leave your outside shoes at the entrance before you step upon the raised carpeted floor.

In most of the houses the reception-room has a divan on three sides of the room and no chairs are needed. This arrangement is now giving way to a divan on two sides and on the third, a table and chairs. When you are seated, the hostess kisses your hand and bids you welcome. If the host is present he touches his forehead and bids you a thousand welcomes, and asks you if

you are comfortable, to which you reply, "Thank you, I am very comfortable." Then all the younger members of the family salute you silently by touching your hand to their lips and foreheads, to which you reply by saying, "Abrees" (may you live) or "Shad abrees" (may you live long). When these greetings are over, the younger members of the family leave the room or stand with folded hands near the place where you left your shoes, and this means, "I am at your service."

The host and hostess sit down on the divan below you and say politely, lifting the hand to the forehead again, "You come in peace." You reply, "I see you in peace." The younger members help to entertain you by bringing in sherbet or coffee and often some kind of sweetmeat, or a low stool is placed before you and upon this a large copper tray or table loaded with fruits and sweetmeats. These things depend on how much your hosts wish to honor you and on the wealth and position of the family. Cushions are placed about this low table, and the hostess invites you to be seated on one of these while she seats herself to serve you.

You cannot refuse these courtesies unless you are very intimate with the family. You can

often make this entertainment a pleasant introduction to the missionary work you wish to do in this very family and, if you are wise and courteous, you may win the host and hostess—and this means the family. When you leave, you say, "Menak paree" (may you remain in peace). The host and hostess reply, "May you go in peace." The hostess always accompanies you to the door, and sometimes the host also, urging you to come again. This kind reception may be only Oriental politeness; but generally the people feel honored by your call, and it opens the door to kindly feeling which is great gain in your missionary work.

These people will be sure to return your visit, especially the women. There will always be more or less that will interest them in your home. They have heard all about it; even the very doll your little girl plays with is discussed in many a home; and curiosity is strong in both the Armenian and Turkish women. A visit to a missionary's house, is more to them than a whole day spent in the city visiting galleries and museums, is to you.

The missionary home should always be a model of good taste and neatness. The missionary comes from a class of society which

should have such a home; and here it is that the married missionary can do a work that cannot be done by the unmarried. The influence of such a home is and should be a very great, elevating and converting power.

Teach your servant that you are always ready to receive company, and that he is to conduct visitors to your reception-room with the greatest politeness. A cross servant may undo by his ungraciousness what you have done by your polite, loving manner. I have known servants to shut the door in the face of callers, telling them the "Hanum" (lady of the house) was at dinner or very busy. It would have been much better for the Hanum to have left her dinner untouched than to have offended these callers, for she will never have the same influence over them again. If she be a wise woman she will find a way to treat them with deference without neglecting her family.

Your best room must not be kept closed and the curtains drawn; these people are just as sensitive as we are, and know whether you have honored them or not. They will pardon many things on the ground that you are a foreigner; but your greeting must be love, lovingly expressed. It may even be wise to adopt *some* of

their rules of etiquette, only keeping enough of your own to dignify you as a foreigner. Make them to feel welcome, remembering that everything is as strange to them as it was to you. You would better provide the tea, coffee, sherbet or sweetmeat. Tea and cake are always appropriate, and cake, being "à la Frank" you will be in the highest style, and each will feel amply honored.

There will be so much to interest them that you will never be at a loss for a topic of conversation. It may be a picture on your table of father and mother in which they will be greatly interested. They will ask you if you have brothers or sisters who are left with these parents. Then with real feeling they will ask how you could leave your parents, and how they could let you come so far.

Then in your broken language you will tell them what brought you to this land, and you may hear some of them say, "Praise God!" others will wipe their eyes; and still others, when they leave, will press your hand, and you will see in the sweet brown eyes gratitude that will more than repay you for ever leaving dear friends.

They may come some spring day when your

reception-room is in disorder—carpet up, windows being washed, etc. Never mind—let them come in—sit down where you are—take time to be polite—remember you are a missionary and the Master bade you "Go!" At such times I have done some of my best work. You are cleaning house—how easy to take up the Bible and in their own language read Christ's own words, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!" How naturally you can show them that not only do our houses need cleaning, but our hearts also. You will find at such times that you are in very close touch with the Divine Master Himself, who so beautifully made use of the scenes about Him to instruct those who came to Him.

They may come when you are in the kitchen teaching your servant to prepare some "à la Frank" dish or making cake—for you have invited the other members of the station to tea—open the door wide and ask them to visit you there, till you can remove the apron and go to the parlor. Have some tiny pattie pans ready and spare enough from the light sponge to take in to them a few cakes. They saw you make this cake and will publish among their friends what a clever woman you are.

You say you care little what they think about you? This is *all wrong.* If you wish to influence them you *must* command their respect. The respect of a poor, ignorant peasant woman is worth more to you in your work than a diamond crown. You may save her by your influence over her, and her soul is more precious than many crowns. I can never forget the look of joy that spread over the face of a very ignorant peasant woman as I opened my reception-room door and bade her with a smile to enter. She stood for a moment in the midst of the room and raising her hands said "Jannet, Jannet" (Heaven, Heaven). Then she went to the what-not and took up what she recognized to be a hen and said, "Wonderful," (this was an egg cup that had been given to one of my children).

I let her look about as long as she wished, then taking my pretty, red-covered gilt Bible[1] from the table, I read to her in Armenian the wonderful description of Heaven in Rev. xxi.

She listened in rapt silence. I said, "Sister, you see Heaven is more beautiful than this; the streets are paved with pure gold, and the great

[1] Why did I take my red-covered gilt Bible? Because the influence on the poor peasant would be far more when I read from the beautiful book, fit for a place in Heaven. Missionaries should not overlook this even in their dress. I am sure that my dress has often preached a little sermon; and sometimes it has been reported to me. We want no untidy missionaries.

ARMENIANS IN VILLAGE DRESS.

gates, larger than any you have ever seen, are one great pearl. Did you ever see a pearl?"

"Yes, I have seen a very little one. They are very costly. What a beautiful place Heaven must be!"

"Yes, very beautiful, but as no unclean thing enters there, you must have a clean heart and clean life."

That poor woman will always think of my home as Heaven; and somehow I think I shall find her in my Father's House. I think it was very lovely in the Lord Jesus to send her to my home, and how glad I am to-day that I had time to let her in and to talk with her. She was from a very dark village up in the Kurdish Mountains, and perhaps this was the only time she heard about Heaven.

One day a villager, a man who could read, came to my home. It was very cold and we had kindled a fire in the open stove. He sat and warmed himself, and then looking up to me said, "Lady, your home seems like Heaven to me." A few hours before, I had come from a ten days' tour on the plain and, as I looked about the room, I felt much as he did, and could much better comprehend his feeling as I contrasted this with some of the homes I had visited, many of

which were in the richer villages, and some of them the homes of preachers and teachers.

Let me describe to you the home of one of our preachers. He and his wife had both been in our schools and so were glad to see me when I visited them. The very best was prepared for me, even to killing the fatted hen. The preacher saw us coming and came out to meet us, while the good wife stood at the top of the ladder-like stairs to help me up. I was soon seated in the cozy, but small room, built on the side of the church, which served as the parsonage. The first thing I saw was the bookshelf that the preacher had made, upon which his few books were neatly arranged. Near this there hung upon the wall a few pictures, some colored, and the others such as you find in your picture papers. These were arranged with a good deal of taste. In the corner opposite was the pile of bedding, from which the wife, Yeva, had taken the cushion that she placed at my back to make me more comfortable. The covering for the earthen floor consisted of a coarse matting and the small piece of carpeting upon which I was sitting. Soon after dinner, one of the young men of the village whom the preacher was teaching to read, came in. Looking around the room,

he said, "Hanum, this room seems like Heaven to me." I was surprised and began to look about to catch, if possible, his point of view. The room was clean and new, had books and a place to put them, and a few simple pictures. Yet this tiny Christian home was Heaven in comparison with his own.

It was very delightful to increase the number of such homes in the villages, and very gratifying to find our girls trying to imitate our homes. We had taught them to keep their homes clean and to whiten the mud walls themselves with white earth, and not to wait for a whitewasher whom they could not afford to pay.

We had taught them to press the beautiful flowers of early spring and summer and to arrange them in wreaths and bouquets upon stiff paper to hang upon their walls. These decorations led them to care more for their homes, and presently the time came when their own children added pencil sketches and water-colors which they had learned to make in our schools.

VI

THE STORY OF GARABED BABA

A PORTION of each day we devoted to the study of the language. It was easy to learn to read Armenian; but our tongues had to practice to enunciate the gutterals and our ears to unravel the new sounds. A man said to me, "Hanum, has your language no syllables? When you talk, your words all run together."

Smiling, I replied, "That is just what some of us think about Armenian."

You must study and read and "break the bones" of the language and, by and by, you will be like the blind man who saw men as trees walking; then if you have carefully laid the foundations, you need not fear; you will soon learn to think in the new tongue, just as you do in your own, and the bands that bound you will snap asunder and you will be free.

We did not wait to begin till we could talk freely. I think sometimes our earnestness to make the people understand, when our vocabulary was very limited, helped us to make an impression.

We got their attention perhaps more easily, and the impressions made were deeper and more lasting. The fact that we learned to read the Armenian so easily, always helped us, especially when we labored among the women who had never learned to read: and I might add, the men also, as very few of them could read.

They said, "If these foreigners can so easily learn to read our language, then we ought to read it ourselves. We can, if we try."

When we had sufficiently mastered the language, we opened a school for boys and, very soon, one for girls; about those we will talk later on. Then we began evangelistic work, the men of the mission going to the market-place, while we women went from house to house, usually accompanied by one of the Protestant women from the neighborhood in which we visited; for there were a few such, the wives of the men of the little Protestant church which had been formed by Mr. Dunmore before we reached Harpoot.

These women would ask their neighbors if they would not like to see the "Inglese Hanums"?

Generally they were very ready to see us and would treat us with genuine politeness.

Only once was I treated rudely by a woman. She was seated on her doorstep and would not permit us to enter. In a loud, angry voice she said, "I want none of your teachings—my religion is good enough for me—if you want to instruct people, go to the Turks, they need instruction!"

This poor old woman, whose son with his wife were real, earnest working Christians, softened greatly before she died.

In the Orient the people discuss every new thing in the market-place, and here the men could find listeners and did much of their visiting.

When I had to pass the market-place in going to the eastern ward of the city, I took with me a dear old Christian named Tallal Garabed, (Garabed, the Auctioneer). He was a marked figure, very tall and as straight as an arrow, with long white beard and commanding presence; but a perfect Oriental.

He would gracefully raise me to the back of my white donkey and then, giving me the rein, would walk close to the right side of the animal's head with the dignity of a policeman of the "Grand Guard." I was never afraid to go anywhere with him, and thus toured over the dis-

tant parts of the city and many of the nearer villages. Everybody knew him, and he seemed to feel it an honor to protect me.

I soon learned to call him Garabed Baba, (Father Garabed). He would come and tell me that certain families wished to see me. He would take me to these families and then retire till I was ready. He knew that the women would talk more freely if he were not present.

"Hanum, to-day I wish to take you to see a woman who is bitter against the Protestants; but I think you may do her good. I fear she will not offer you coffee; but you will not mind this."

I was more than glad to go, for seldom did we make a visit to a new home without seeing fruit. (Sometimes it was only in the greater friendliness that would be shown, as we softened down prejudices; often it resulted in new faces being found among our Sabbath congregations, or new pupils coming to the schools.) Judge of my surprise when, upon entering a large house, I saw a well-dressed dignified-looking woman, whom Garabed Baba introduced to me as his wife.

I had heard that he had no sympathy at home, and if not there at meal time went hungry to bed, though in his own house.

She called him "The Old Prote"; but he who

had once been like a tiger, and would have beaten her with his cane for a far less offence, was now as gentle as a lamb. The two elder sons of Garabed Baba were grooms in the family of Sir Henry Bulwer, English Ambassador at Constantinople. They were both tall and stately like their father, and Lady Bulwer always expected one of them to accompany her whenever she rode out. The youngest son, his Benjamin, was then in our school.

The old lady rose to meet me; but maintained the frigidity of an iceberg during our entire interview, offering me neither coffee, tea, nor sherbet.

I did hear afterward that she was pleased with the call; but she did not mean her husband should know it. I called only once more upon her, and that after his death.

For several years this dear old man was my bodyguard, as every Sabbath and Tuesday I went to labor in that part of the city. Sometimes he would enter the room quietly and sit near the door while I held my prayer-meeting, mothers'-meeting, or missionary-meetings; the latter he was greatly interested in, especially the children's. He would count those who came and tell the new ones present.

He learned to read when he was past seventy.

His Bible, hymn book, and a small book of prayers, he always carried in the bosom of his long loose garment, bound at the waist by a girdle. He loved to sing, and his seat in church was always filled.

We perceived that he was becoming more and more feeble. One day he came and, sitting at my feet, placed his hand on my lap and, looking up with his beautiful brown eyes, said, "Hanum, I shall not go with you any more. I have a request to make of you.—When I die put my body in a coffin and put some flowers in my hand, just as you did in your little Dwight's."

"I will do all you wish, Garabed Baba; but I hope you will stay with us many days."

"No, I am going soon. I want to be buried near the church on this side of the city, and I want you to tell the pastor to sing at my grave the hymn I have so often sung.

"'Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above:
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Now is my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I'll go:
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.'"

One morning soon after, we heard he was gone. We did all he had asked, and a large

number gathered at the church for a last good-bye.

Not many years later a bright and beautiful boy stood in our court. He had come to ask if he could enter our High School. We had never received any but Protestants—what should we do? We knew this boy was from the house of Tenikeji Hagop Effendi, who was a pillar in the Gregorian Church. Mr. Wheeler went quickly to his associates, saying,

"The grandson of Tallal Garabed wishes to enter the High School; shall we not set aside our rule and admit him?"

The answer was in the affirmative, and Nicoös Tenikijian was admitted. He is now the Professor of History, Turkish and French in Euphrates College, a noble, handsome, dignified Christian man.

I love to think that the grandfather is permitted to watch over his grandchild as he labors in the work once so dear to him. We missed the old man. No one could just fill his place, though our good Sarkis, from the village of Ichmeh, was ever willing to do all he could to help us ladies do our city missionary work.

The work so increased on our hands that we felt we could not find time to do all that was re-

quired. We had overcome the obstacles to woman's reading—obstacles which required skill and patience; yes, long forbearing love.

The older women usually said, "Our brain is baked—we cannot learn to read—our brides have work to do—reading will make them lazy and impudent—we never learned to read—why should they?"

The mother-in-law rules the brides with an iron sceptre; her word is law, even when her son would like to have his wife read. Many a mother-in-law has burned the primer her son has brought home for his wife; and in some cases, where the son has insisted that his wife should read, they have both been turned into the streets.

A few women whose husbands were Protestants came to our rescue. They learned to read, and not only encouraged others, but us. They helped us in our visits from house to house, and in our prayer-meetings and mothers'-meetings. Some of them became so efficient that we could ask them to lead these meetings.

We saw that prejudice was dying out, and found that many of the women wished to read. We sent little boys from the school to give lessons and, if the pupils made progress, gave the little teachers a small remuneration.

One day two of the missionary ladies called on a wealthy woman of position, and were treated with more than ordinary politeness. Before leaving, one of the missionaries said,

"Eughaper, Hanum, you are too much of a lady not to read. You should improve your brains."

She replied pleasantly, "It will be hard for me to read as my mother-in-law will not like it; but I am the head of my own home, and if you will send me a good teacher, I will learn."

We sent a young Bible School student, and in less than six months she was a good reader of the Bible, and was persuading others to follow her example. She encountered the opposition which she expected; but she braved it, and became a very useful woman in the Protestant Church, which she soon joined.

VII

"WOMAN, THE TEACHER OF THE RACE"

THE missionary must be a many-sided man, and his wife must be his equal if the best results are to be secured. That "anybody will do for a missionary" is an exploded idea whose origin is not hard to trace. The people of non-Christian lands were thought to be ignorant; but we have discovered, through our better understanding of them, that this is not true. Pagan nations, or perhaps we should say barbarous nations, may be ignorant; but this is not true of the heathen world. All missionary experience has gone to prove that the best educated and most capable, as well as the most devout and consecrated workers are everywhere demanded.

The missionary must first know enough to make a home, and that in a foreign land, where conditions are such that he must often be architect as well as mason. He needs some knowledge of a good many trades, and must possess financial and executive ability as well, in order to go to the forest or market and purchase the right amount and kind of timber for his buildings, and

thus attend to all of the details of construction, planning all the while so that he shall have enough money wherewith to finish his enterprise. In short he must be an all-around man, minister, teacher, lawyer, doctor, counsellor, guide, and friend.

A missionary from Japan once said, "I have found everything I ever learned to be useful, and regret that I did not learn how to milk a cow.

"There were no cows in this country when I arrived; but not long after the parents of one of the missionaries sent me one. I was puzzled to know how to milk her, and, in my dilemma, had to go to a fellow-missionary to inquire if he could teach me." So even learning to milk proved useful.

The missionary finds himself in a foreign country with everything to do and no language to do it with. He must learn the language unless he is largely to fail in his work. To learn a new language so that one can use it intelligently in speaking and writing requires much ability and study. Young men or women going to the foreign field should consider carefully before deciding and should perhaps consult those who are wiser in reaching a decision. This would save them and others much pain.

The missionary woman will find use for all the ability she has. Whether she graduates from Vassar, Radcliffe, Wellesley, Smith or dear old Mt. Holyoke, some lessons in a manual training school will be of great value to her, as she needs to know the secrets of modern cooking to guard her home from the dyspepsia fiend. A knowledge of hygiene and nursing will save her and others hours of pain, and will fit her to teach the people many things of which they are now ignorant. She can do many things better than a man if she is well-fitted for missionary work. Her sphere of usefulness will be so wide and so varied, and the demand upon her so constant and exhausting, that above all else she will need health, for without health she will find it hard to fill her place.

In our schools the work increased to such an extent that we found we could not do all that needed to be done. What with the Boys' Primary School increasing rapidly, the Bible Training School able to admit only men, the Girls' School in a room on the house-top taught only reading by an old Priest who, though he thought he was a Protestant, finally under persecution went back, the instruction in the catechism given by a young woman who was only just learning the

language and had first to go over the lesson with her teacher,—we were beside ourselves to know what to do, though Mariam, one of our brightest girls, was able with the help of the missionaries, to take the place of the Priest.

But the crisis was reached when the Girls' School increased to fifty or sixty pupils, and we found the villagers eager to send their daughters, and we had neither room nor teachers for them.

We met in council to talk over the matter. The gentlemen said, "These Bible students also have wives, we ought to bring them with their husbands to the city, for not one of them knows how to read." We asked wisdom from Him who sent us to this field and who had so blessed our efforts, and the result was that we voted to have one of our number lay the case before Dr. Anderson, the foreign Secretary at Boston. Dr. Anderson replied, "Yours is an interesting state of things and the Committee have voted to send to your help an unmarried lady as soon as a fit person shall be found." This gave us new courage and we began to plan for rooms for this new teacher and her school.

The room in the lower part of the missionary residence was now too small for a chapel, and

was sometimes crowded almost to suffocation. A new chapel or "church," as Dr. Anderson said we must call it, must be built, with rooms for the Bible Class in the second story. The converts had helped build the Primary School-house and now they must be urged to have part in the new church. Some were ready to give; others thought the gospel ought to be free. "Does not the Bible say, 'Freely ye have received, freely give'?" "Yes, we have given you freely the spiritual instruction; but you must help build the church to worship in." We had taught from the beginning that "God would help those who helped themselves." Large numbers of Bibles which had been sold in the city and on the plain had increased the demand for schools for the children, and these parents could and did help some.

The result of our combined and strenuous effort was that the church in Harpoot was soon finished, with aid from the Board, and we thought it as grand for us as the New Old South or Trinity was for Boston. The six strong pillars that supported the roof seemed far more beautiful than the most elaborate we had seen in our native land. The height enabled us to draw a long breath, which we had hardly dared to do

in the old chapel, made out of Keshish Oghloo's stable. Then those white clean walls, the neat gallery, the arched windows, a new Bible and hymn book in the pretty black walnut pulpit,—how elegant this new church seemed compared with the one we had been worshipping in!

One of the missionaries had gone from house to house and from man to man to get the extra money to pay for a board floor. Some gave only two cents. One wealthy man (wealthy for an Armenian in Harpoot) said, "I will not give a *para!*" (one-tenth of a cent).

"Very well," said the missionary, "if you do not, I will bring in a box of earth, and you can sit on that, for we shall have the floor."

The man yielded and made a good contribution, for he knew the missionary would keep his word, and he would have no right to complain.

What an occasion the dedication of that first Protestant church in Armenia was! Crowds came from the villages on the plain, and the services were very impressive. It had *no debt* on it when we consecrated it to Heaven's King. The missionary who planned it looked well to the appropriation made by the Board. He obtained the best material and the best work-

men he could find, and then watched over, not only the money in his care, but every particular that related to the building. He did not lay aside his teaching or preaching to superintend this building; but every man knew his eye was upon him, and he detected a fault quicker than the head carpenter. His judgment in selecting a cite, his ability to tell what the cost should be, and his quick eye for detecting mistakes, were invaluable to us.

We must not omit to mention the nice airy room with four windows which was for the Bible Training Class, or the six rooms for the unmarried students, all of which were in the upper story of the church, which upper story added greatly to the architectural effect of the building.

Friends of Mr. Allen, who had charge of our Bible School, sent from Mt. Morris, New York, a sweet toned bell which would do for the schools and the church. It was doubtful whether the Turk would allow this bell to be rung in the place of the bar of steel we had used, so we thought best to try in the court of the missionary house a smaller one which would eventually be used in the Girls' School. We knew an influential Turk who would notice this bell and

would perhaps make objections. He did, but the government said to him, "It is on their grounds and we have no right to interfere." Soon the sounds of the larger bell went out over our part of the city, and, after some complaining, we were left to ring it as we pleased.

During the massacres this building was burned, and we well recall the last toll of this bell as it fell into the flames when the roof gave way.

The rooms left vacant by these changes were put in order and fitted up for a High School and Seminary for Girls. A dining-room, kitchen and bath-room were added to these, and, on the second story, two rooms for the lady teacher who was expected in the autumn.

Here commenced the Seminary that grew into the Girls' Department of Euphrates College. Perhaps I should say the foundations were laid in that little school on the house-top.

The wives of the young men who were students in what was now to be called our Theological Seminary, were brought to the Girls' Seminary. Some of them had learned to read from their husbands and seemed earnest to make progress; but some were unwilling and declared they had so much to do they could never learn to read well. One of the better caste, the wife of a man

who for years afterward was an earnest pastor, had been the mother of nine children, and brought six or seven with her, the oldest of whom went into our City School. This wife was very eager to come to us, and made commendable progress, learning many practical lessons that aided her in filling her place of Pastoress.

Her husband was very anxious that the new dress he was to get her should be à la Frank, and came to ask how much material would be needed and if we would help her make the dress. She looked well in this dress; but we could never teach her to button the sleeves at the wrist. When reminded that the buttons were put on to be buttoned, she would reply with a smile, "O, I forgot it."

To enable the wives to come we opened a nursery for the children who were too young to attend the school. Some of these wives and mothers made such progress in their three years schooling that they not only learned something of Arithmetic, but even a little Grammar and wrote simple essays, one of which, on "Female Responsibility," would honor a pupil in our American High Schools. This woman, whose name was Azniv, labored earnestly in the Bitlis field, and two of her daughters were among the

bright pupils found in the Misses Ely's School, the Mt. Holyoke of Kurdistan.

These women, who knew so little when they came and who only spent parts of three years with us, became most efficient colaborers with their husbands in the village work. Wherever they went they became centres of light to the women. With their Bibles and hymn books they went from house to house. Some they persuaded by the words from the Bible, others were won by the sweet hymns. The little boys soon learned some of these hymns and went singing through the streets, childlike, and God made use of this to soften the hearts of opposers, and even the Turk seemed pleased.

Schools for girls in the villages were the result of these labors. It was true that many a Preacher's wife had her class of girls in her own home; but family cares and her limited knowledge made her feel that a regular Girls' school should be opened in the village. Some of these villages had from five to eight thousand inhabitants. Boys' schools had been opened and the Preachers had charge of these. But as their duties increased and they became the Pastors of growing churches, they had to give up the teaching to young men from the Harpoot High School, and

A Country Girl.

A City Girl.

Armenian Types.

no longer would the mothers send their daughters when they were to be taught by unmarried men. It was against all their ideas of propriety. So the calls for Girls' schools increased each year. There was great difficulty in getting teachers in those early days, as the city girls would not go to the villages to teach; and the parents would not consent even when the girl herself was willing.

It was the custom to give girls in marriage, often at the age of eleven. If one remained till she was fifteen or sixteen years of age, she was stamped as a "*dun mena*," one not worthy of marriage, so "left at home." No mother was willing that her daughter should be left at home, so it was a serious question how and where we should find girls who could or would stay in school long enough to make teachers, either in the city or the village.

But the young men came to our rescue when they woke up to the idea that they needed educated wives. They said to their mothers, "You need not expect me to take an ignorant girl, for I never will consent to it," which of course greatly shocked the mothers.

All the matchmaking was done through some intimate friend, as the young men could not be allowed to talk with the girl or even see her face.

This friend, when a girl was proposed, was expected to find out if she were healthy, if her eyes were all right, if she were industrious and obedient. She would all at once become quite intimate at the home of the prospective bride and would, in a woman's skillful way, find out all she wished, and often more. Many amusing incidents were related about this part of the courtship. Thus you will better understand the case of poor Jacob, when instead of Rachel, his beloved, he had Leah, the tender-eyed.

"Did young Armenia conquer?" you will ask. Yes, she completely revolutionized this part of social life. The mothers at first would not give their daughters to Protestants or allow their sons to wed Protestant girls; but soon the educated girls were all above par. Village mothers were anxious to have their girls go to the City school. Fathers were ready to pay for their sons, since education opened new doors for them. It was a great thing for a boy to teach during the winter in one of the villages and bring home twenty dollars in his pocket. This would pay for a year's tuition, books and clothing. The board was no impediment, for he either boarded at home or, if a villager, he boarded himself, bringing his bread, dried meat and cheese from home.

What could we do, you ask, to supply the calls for girls' schools in the villages? We can best answer this question by taking you to a village home. The mother is a widow with three children. Let us go in. She greets us kindly and brings us a cushion to sit upon. There are few comforts in this dark room. The walls are black with the smoke of years, some of the timbers in the roof look like charred wood. The fireplace is in one corner and consists of a hole in the earth lined with flat stones. Here the grass, "which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven," is piled, after being dried on the flat roof of the house, fire is added, then the village peat, making at first a great smoke, but finally a hot fire. The smoke fills the room and everything is scented with the smell as it slowly makes its way out of the hole in the roof, which is also the sky window, only one other being found in the room to let in light and air.

The woman sits at your feet upon the mat laid on the earth floor. You open your Armenian Testament and read, "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." She is weeping. You ask her why she weeps. "I know these things are true," she replies—"you

are reading the words of Christ—I have heard our preacher read them—I believe them; but I did not learn this till after my husband died, and I am afraid he did not know that Jesus prepares mansions in heaven for those that love Him." How could *I* comfort her? I closed my Bible and asked the Lord Jesus who loved her so much that He died for her to bind up her broken heart. Wiping her eyes with the corner of her coarse apron she looked into my face, saying,

"Hanum, what shall I do? I wish very much to send Markareed up to the City school."

"What *can* you do?" I replied.

"I can make over the bed her father used. I can wear his stockings and give her mine. She has an old dress, and I have enough blue and red home-spun cloth to make her another. Then I have the yazma I had as a bride which will do for her head covering. I can't do more, except to get my neighbor to put her on top of a load of cotton and take her to the city."

"Let Markareed come," I said, "and I will do the rest."

God never requires His children to do *more* than they can and I was sure He would open the way for Markareed. She came and made so much progress that, after the seven months'

schooling under the American teacher, we sent her back to teach a Girls' school in her own village under the care of her mother.

I think you would enjoy coming for a little time to the examination of the girls at the City school after they have been under instruction for seven months.

Here comes the class that will graduate this year, for they have finished their three years' course. The senior class is small. It is a great thing to keep girls in school three years, and I may whisper in your ear that all these seven girls except one, who is a hump-back, are engaged to be married. The hump-back is *engaged* to help in our seminary. The girls are wide-awake and, looking into the faces of their teachers, pass a commendable examination.

Here comes a class of rather timid girls. This is the first time they have ever been examined before men; they are all looking down.

Miss B—— speaks pleasantly to a tall girl at the head of the class, "Markareed, what can you tell me about the second chapter of Matthew?"

Markareed raises her eyes to the teacher's face and in a clear voice gives a satisfactory answer. "Why, we have seen this girl somewhere, and the name sounds familiar. Markareed? Marka-

reed? Why, she is that girl who came to school on top of the cotton bales—the widow's daughter. How she has widened out! How pretty she looks with her hair braided, and dressed in that clean pink calico with the purple jacket! Do you mean to say that this is that ragged girl we saw in the village home?"

Let me tell you how she got the pink calico dress. Her mother would take her baby brother on her back to the wheat fields where she would leave him under a tree in the care of an older sister.[1] Then all day long, in the hot sun, she would follow the reapers, just as Ruth the Moabitess did, gleaning the stalks they let fall. In the evening she would lay these on her housetop to dry and, after a meal of cracked wheat, cooked with a little butter and salt, a bowl of butter-milk and some dry bread, with possibly an onion, would spread a coarse black cloth beside the wheat, on this arrange the hard mattress and a heavy comforter, and cuddle down beside her children to sleep, while the stars seemed to say, "You are safe under a loving Father's care." At the end of the harvest she was surprised to find how much she had gleaned.

[1] This little boy afterward became an eloquent preacher and was invited to a city church.

"Markareed can have a dress for examination!" she cried.

Deacon Garabed, who brought her on his load of cotton to the school, was present at the examination and, when it closed, came to the lady who had charge of Markareed and begged that she might open a school for girls in her mother's house.

In the spring Markareed returned to our school with a little money in her pocket, and her mates began to look up to the village maiden who knew enough to teach.

The next seven months added much to the knowledge and gracefulness of our pupil. Again Deacon Garabed was eager to hear all she said, and at the close came forward to claim her for his village.

"She cannot go to your village again," said the missionary lady.

"Why Hanum, this year we will give her more pupils. We must have her. The Boys' School is full and the girls are all waiting for Markareed."

"Garabed, we have kept her for two years in our school and she has learned to be neat and nice. We will not send her into your village to live in that black, dismal hole for four months.

She is wanted in the large village to the west of you, where we have a pastor who will receive her to his neat, clean home, and the people are just finishing a new schoolhouse."

"Aman, Aman, Hanum!" (Alas, Alas, Lady) said Garabed with a much disturbed face. "Give me five dollars, I will get the rest, and in a few weeks we will make ready a nice second story room for our school."

He kept his word and a few weeks later we went down to see our first village school for girls in its new room. It had three windows, the earth floor was covered with coarse reed matting, and, as it would be colder than the lower room, a stove stood on one side, arrangements having been made for each family to furnish the fuel by turns.

This was not merely a step forward, it was a long leap upward in the social progress of women. So you will not wonder that this school in the village, with its more than forty girls, and with one of their own village maidens at its head, was a source of great joy to the missionaries. We knew that this leaven would work till every village on the plain should have a Preacher and a schoolhouse for girls as well as boys.

It was too late to hinder the mothers from

educating their daughters. They said, "We are donkeys, and our brains are baked, the day for us has passed by; but our daughters shall go to the schools."

Few girls were now sought in marriage at eleven or fourteen. The old maids increased so fast that fathers as well as mothers were in earnest about sending their daughters to school.

"My son wishes your Mariam," said one well-to-do Effendi to another, "but he says you must send her to the school for girls."

Educated girls from the peasant villages found their way into city homes of wealth and influence and we no longer had to seek for teachers. Now even city parents would permit their daughters to go to teach in cities four to six days' journey distant, and in some instances these educated girl teachers opened the way for Evangelistic work.

VIII

TOURING AND BIBLE WOMEN

In the missionary's work, touring from place to place like the great Apostle to the Gentiles, must be a prominent feature. He must have a home, but he cannot stay long at a time in that home. He is not a pastor who settles down over one church; he is an apostle, and hundreds of places demand his labors. Touring may be the hardest work he is called upon to do; but its rewards are great. Some of the finest fruit comes from this hand picking. He must leave his comfortable home for cold, smoky, dirty homes. Here he will not always be welcomed and will be glad sometimes to find a place in the stable near his horse. He may receive insult and violence, may even be stoned and obliged to leave one village and seek shelter in another. How near the Master seems at such times only His "Sent ones" know.

The great leathern bags that take his bed and bedding hold also Bibles and Testaments. Primers—"The key to unlock the Bible"—he carrries to scatter broadcast as he journeys.

Are the people ready to buy these books, or is he to give them away?

It would be a fatal mistake to degrade the Bible by giving it away to the people. What costs nothing has little value—is true among all people. The Bible *given away* has been used for cigarette wrappers; but no man who has learned the worth of the Bible sufficiently to invest money in it, will destroy it. There may be times when a Bible should be given away.

What can we do, for instance, with the poor man, who hasn't enough money to afford a Bible? Help him to earn some, if we can. Get a neighbor or friend who knows his circumstances to help him, and help him in part ourselves.

You would think it hard to sleep in your woodroom; but the touring missionary does not often get a room as clean and warm as that. He finds this hard; but he knew when he gave himself to this work that it would be hard, and he looks forward to the reward that will come from faithful labor.

Every tour will bring a rich harvest in the coming years. We who are living under the very sunlight of the Gospel do not realize how much it cost the missionaries who brought our

forefathers the light. We claim our Christian civilization as something we have inherited; but if we go back a few centuries we find only paganism, our very priests offering human sacrifices to Woden and Thor.

"Surely," you say, "the lady missionary should not try to tour." But shall we leave our sisters in darkness because it costs us something to reach them? Woman's heart is tender and she will brave more even than men for those who need her. The women cannot be reached by the men; but lady missionaries can enter all the homes, and soon find their way to the hearts of their sisters. The Oriental woman's prejudices may, at first, be stronger than those of her husband; but she is usually very religious, and when in a kind, loving way you remove her prejudices, you find her anxious to listen to the words from your Bible. It is not hard to persuade her that woman owes much to Christ who did so much to restore to her what she lost in Eden. The lady missionary is indispensable in the touring, just as she is in all forms of missionary work. You will find it hard work at first to persuade either the men or women that they can read. The people in nominally Christian countries have lived so long without the knowledge of the Bible

that they think it enough to believe in it, though they know nothing of its power. Persuade one man or woman to read it as God's letter to them, and you have accomplished much.

A few years have passed and we retrace former missionary tours. How their work has enlarged and the workers increased! We find native Preachers and Teachers and earnest Bible women in the field. Many Christian communities have been gathered, and these have grown into churches. Pastors have been called, schools have been opened. No longer are you compelled to sit down to give some brother his first lesson in the rudiments; he is now a deacon in the church, a pillar for the Pastor to lean upon. Now this community wishes not only a Boys', but a Girls' school. The people are asking for Bibles and other books, and many of the villages have a Book Depository and are doing the work you once did single-handed. They are working for others outside their own village, and even women go to neighboring villages to give the light to others. The homes have improved. You will find some houses with a second story room and glass windows. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light," has proven true in many ways. The father, mother and children are now

reading, and the dark rooms must give place to those with more windows.

The native Pastor is now living in a house with several rooms, so that you are no longer compelled to stay in the stable near the cattle to keep warm; for in these clean, upper rooms you will even find a stove and often a raised and cushioned divan.

Old and young will be found in the Sunday-school, and you may even find a Christian Endeavor Society. The young men are enthusiastic in selling Bibles and other books, and they tell you with great joy of their successes. They have the money all ready for another order, and wish to know if you have any new book from Constantinople which they have not seen.

Come for a moment to the dark village of Hulakegh, where once the people were so hostile that the missionary's life was in danger. They even plotted to prove him immoral by concealing an immoral Turkish woman in the house where he was spending the night, and then calling the people to see for themselves what kind of religious teacher this missionary was. There now is a church owning a good building and parsonage. They have a Girls' and Boys' school—Sabbath School, Prayer Meeting and Missionary

Society—for they feel that having received the gospel they must send it to those who have it not in dark Kurdistan where the churches have a missionary field. I can recall the day when not one woman could be persuaded to read the Bible or to come to church here. We had reached the men, but not one woman dared to enter the Protestant church.

The new Hulakegh chapel was to be dedicated and the missionaries asked their lady assistants to go and to invite some of their city sisters to go with them. As animals were provided, several were glad to go. When we had entered the chapel we saw that some space had been reserved for us in the back part of the room behind the men. Soon after we had taken our seats it was noised abroad that the missionary ladies had come from the city. Presently we saw a woman look in shyly at the door, then she took off her shoes and, bending low, shot past the men and took her seat on the floor behind us. This continued till the space reserved for the women was well filled.

This village afterward became noted for its reading women, and the men of other villages would say, "If you want a wife for your son, get her from Hulakegh where she can read and

do twice as much as other women." This same village was among the first to call for a Preacher when their Pastor elect had been killed in the massacres, and now that church is fast coming up again to self-support, even in these almost starving times when homes, though not destroyed, are desolate.

The next village has called for the exercise of great patience and the missionaries have often wondered if any real good was being done there. Shall I tell you why? The men are made ugly and stupid by the free use of wine and raki and, as a missionary once said, "The Spirit of God never stays where wine or raki enter."

We have there a good Bible woman, our earnest Marinos, for whom some of you have given money.

She has many hard things to bear at home; but she finds time to be a most efficient helper of the earnest wife of the Preacher. She rises early to set her house in order and then leaves it to the care of her sister-in-law, while she goes out to persuade the women to read the Bible, and to give her daily lessons.

The touring missionary lady looks after the work of the Bible women, and each Bible woman is expected to keep an account of every lesson

given. The pupils are examined to see if progress has been made, if not, the Bible woman is reprimanded, and if she does not do better, is dropped. We do not allow any part of the work to be done in a slipshod way, for this would only be to lay our foundation with rotten timber, and might involve the loss of the souls we are trying to bring to the light.

I think you would like to hear what the touring missionary has just written of our good Bible woman in another village which suffered much from the massacres. This woman was stripped of most of her clothing, and wandered for days through the fields till she reached Harpoot, where she had a son in college. He heard she was coming and went to meet her. She was half naked and barefoot in the snows of December. She had lived on the winter wheat which was just springing up under the snow. He threw his coat about her and brought her to the city where she was lovingly cared for. When March came she could not be persuaded to stay longer in the city; but returned to her village, saying, "They have no one to labor for them and they need comfort now, they are so wretched in their desolate, half-burned houses." The missionary says, "We were greatly cheered

by the welcome this village gave us, especially by what our faithful Bible woman, Badaskhan has done. She is Pastor, Teacher and Counsellor here, doing a grand work." Do you wonder the missionary now feels repaid for days of toil when he sees the abundant, ripe fruit that has come from this earlier sowing?

IX

"HOW THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN WERE OPENED"

I THINK that you have already discovered that we believed in teaching the people to help themselves. This seemed of great importance for a people who had so long been under the influence of governmental oppression. They needed to learn that they had something to do and the way to do it. It was not wise to wait till they were stronger. In fact the very knowledge that you can do a thing is the first step toward its accomplishment.

We made them to feel that the work was their own, that we were only outside aids to help them to get upon their feet, and that when once up they were to start on a run—as they certainly did in some cases. The needs of the Church, the building of churches and schools, we employed to arouse them to what they could do.

When they were making commendable progress in these branches we introduced the idea of helping those outside. We observed the monthly concert for Missions, and thus it was easy to ask them if they did not wish to share in the conver-

sion of the world. We sent our first small contributions to the A. B. C. F. M. The Board had helped them, and their hearts were naturally drawn out to those who had helped them. Little keepsakes were sometimes brought, and it was pleasant to see their faces light up as they gave these gifts to the Lord's treasury.

The monthly concert became one of our best attended meetings. We made it interesting by translating the most interesting papers from the *Herald* and other magazines into simple Armenian so that they might be easily understood. We often illustrated these topics by drawings on the movable blackboard. The students in our High School were able to give us a great deal of help in getting ready the monthly concert papers and drawing the illustrations. For example, we would take the Sandwich Islands and give them the history of their evangelization by American Christians. A picture of these islands with the missionary vessel, the Morning Star, which was built by the children, with all her sails set, approaching the land, was very pleasing and had a stimulating influence.

The children in our day schools being anxious to be formed into Missionary Societies like the American children and have a name all their

own, we organized "The Gleaners" in one ward of the city, "The Morning Star" in another, "The Day Spring" in one of the villages, and so on. In order to raise funds for the work we invited the children to bring *paras* (one-tenth of a cent), we held fairs, inviting the mothers to come and buy the articles their children had made. At such times the girls would be ready to sing and to recite, which greatly pleased their mothers and friends and served to interest them in our work. We wished to have the children working in this way all over the field.

Some thought all the money should be used for Home work; but others of us felt this would make the children narrow and selfish, so the Kurdish Missionary Society was formed, which was intended to care for Armenians who lived in the midst of the Kurds, many of whom could speak only Kurdish. One of our Pastors who could speak Kurdish, travelled extensively in this region and came back to tell us tales of their wretchedness and ignorance which so touched all of our hearts that soon Branch Societies were formed in all the churches. One that was formed in our Girls' High School sent money, books and clothing.

The Armenians are so very tender-hearted and

sympathetic that it would be impossible to appeal to their generosity without a response. I have known the people to come bringing their own garments for those more needy. Our church at Harpoot never sent a man away empty if he was worthy.

This Kurdish missionary work became so popular that donations came in from most of the Protestant Armenian churches in the Turkish Empire. It was in a very flourishing condition when the massacres devastated that part of the field. The churches were shut up or torn down, some of the Preachers were killed and others thrown into prison, and the whole work almost blotted out. Such, however, was the solidity of its foundations, that already it is putting forth new efforts and ere long we believe a greater work will develop in Kurdistan. Let us put up the prayer that the Protestant Armenian churches will be glad once more to give in their poverty to carry the work forward.

I doubt not that God is able to raise up another John Concordance to help forward such a movement. Let me tell you of this poor blind man whom God used so wonderfully to seal what the missionary had taught about giving. He came from a little village on the sides of the Anti-

TRANSLATORS OF KURDISH BIBLE.

Taurus mountains. He heard in his native village about the school in Harpoot where men read and studied the Bible. He had all his life been a church goer, kept his fasts and feasts, made the sign of the cross, prayed to the Virgin and the saints, made pilgrimages to the sacred relics, and drunk from the sacred fountains that bubbled out from the mountain side. Yes, John had been a very religious youth ever since smallpox had forever shut out for him the light of this beautiful world, for his ears heard what many others, if they heard, did not heed.

One day new Teachers had come and had taught new things; but how could he, a blind man, ever reach Harpoot to find out if these things were true? I doubt not he prayed as well as listened, for one day he applied for admission to the Bible School. He came well recommended and was received. His fellow-students pitied him and would read to him at almost any time he asked the favor. He soon learned the Bible so correctly that he could repeat any verse he had heard and tell where it could be found, giving chapter and verse. The students dubbed him "Hamaparpar" (Concordance), and ever after he was known as Hohannes Hamaparpar, or John Concordance. When he heard what the

Bible taught about giving tithes, he said, "Tithe-giving is just as binding on us as it ever was on the Jews, and God will bless us if we are obedient."

When he finished his course in the Bible School, the missionaries sent him to Shepik, where a struggling church was steadily growing weaker and weaker. They thought they were too poor to support the gospel, and instead of exerting themselves, were well content to be carried by the missionaries.

After John had been settled there for a while he took for his text one day, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." He proved with such power that it was not only our duty but privilege to give the Lord one-tenth of all our gains, that the people of that poor village rose as one man and brought in the tithes.

Yet he was not satisfied to see that village able to stand alone, but went to many places, preaching that men had robbed God and that was why so many were poor and wretched and blind and weak. Many under the power of his exhortation

were constrained to give not only a tithe of their income, but much more, so that the treasury of the Lord was more than filled; and God opened the windows of heaven, and such a revival spread through the churches that where grumbling was once heard songs of praise filled many mouths.

One of the marked features of this revival was the childlike simplicity with which the people asked for the blessings needed. A tender, loving spirit manifested itself. The missionary or Pastor after speaking would often find his people in tears; young and old convicted of sin and inquiring, "How can I be saved?" I was present in the city at a meeting of the church, when one and another arose and, with streaming eyes, asked forgiveness. The whole audience was weeping together and the Holy Spirit was doing His great work of convincing the *church* of their need.

I never saw so much of the simplicity of God's dealing with ignorant sinners as at this time. One old woman who had been to Jerusalem and was called Hadji (Pilgrim) Anna, said, "I don't know anything, but I *do* love Christ." Her future life showed this; for this tigress, whose voice was once heard all over the neighborhood,

was henceforth the lamb. It was beautiful to sit by her dying bed and see the confidence she had in her Saviour as death drew near.

Another who had spent all her living to go and gaze on the spot where Christ suffered on the cross asked, mid sobs, how she should find the Saviour she needed.

"Hadji Marta," said the missionary lady, "if you were hungry and needed a piece of bread, could you not ask for it?" "Yes," she replied.

"Then go and ask Jesus for the bread of life, and He will give it you." There on her knees before the pulpit she asked and was fed, and became one of the bright lights in that village church. So much was she respected that one of her neighbors, an honorable man, would take her on his back and carry her to the church when she could not walk.

At one morning meeting the worst man in one of our cities, who was so wicked that neither the Christian nor the Turk would claim him, was melted and, to the astonishment of all, arose to ask the Christians to pray for him that the merciful Saviour would not pass him by.

All classes were reached. Yes, God did keep His word; and this uplifting that came from the giving, convinced the people as no argument

could, that God would help those who helped themselves. It brought not only the church up onto a higher plane but also the whole community; more Bibles were sold, and the Scriptures were read with greater care; the schools increased largely in attendance; with the result that the missionaries were too few to carry on the work among the villages on the plain, and more men were called for to superintend the work which had so increased. Some 300 villages and eight to ten cities is not a small parish where every department of work must be looked after, and we felt that some two or three should be travelling in the field all the time.

Here let me again emphasize the fact that we never gave the people what they ought to buy for themselves, but in every way developed the manly spirit of helping them to help themselves; and this principle thoroughly inculcated is proving to be nuggets of gold for the future of poor Armenia. It is truly wonderful to see how it has saved our work since the massacre.

Mr. Browne's last report of the Harpoot field, after reciting instances of giving in various stations, says, "This year four of our churches through strenuous efforts became self-supporting, while we can confidently reckon on two more

next year. The Native contributions this year have been 85,264 Piastres[1] against 44,885 Piastres given by the Board. This for any year in this land is commendable, but under existing circumstances it is truly Apostolic."

[1] A Piaster is worth four cents in our money.

EUPHRATES COLLEGE, MISSION PREMISES, HARPOOT.

X

"EUPHRATES COLLEGE"

WHEN we began our Boys' school in Keshish Oghloo's stable and the Girls' school in a little room on the house-top, perhaps much like the one Peter had when a guest of Simon the Tanner, who lived by the sea at Joppa, we had no thought that in twenty years these would grow into a college for young men and women. But so God ordained, and the missionary who did not believe in higher education as a force to be largely made use of in evangelism, was by circumstances made the founder of Euphrates College.

The High School and the Theological Seminary were the natural fruits of the day schools. The people began to call for better educated Preachers and Teachers. Our most talented young men began to leave us and pursue this higher education in institutions abroad, being thus lost to our work, for even if they returned they were so much above the people that they were restless and impatient and the people were dissatisfied with them.

The constant increase of the Christian community in Harpoot and the fact that three other stations would patronize the College (the only one in Armenia proper with the Armenian language as its vernacular), encouraged the founders of Euphrates College to lay the corner-stone of the institution, and the increasing prosperity of the following seventeen years only confirmed the wisdom of the step.

While the college belonged to the churches that sent forth the missionaries, yet it had no right to the money given for evangelistic work, though it was a most efficient adjunct. We felt that it had claims on Christian benevolence, and was missionary work that would yield rich returns, and therefore determined to have an endowment fund, so two of the missionaries were delegated to visit America and plead its cause.

The Girls' College, (now burned to the ground) was so much needed that foundations for the building were commenced when only $100 were in hand that could be used for this purpose. It required faith to begin, but God justified this faith. The missionaries laid the case before the Master who sent them forth, and He prospered them beyond their hopes. They worked and they prayed. Difficulties from the government

came up that at times threatened to be insurmountable, but an unseen power removed these when *we* could see no way out. An officer came one day to inspect the work and the cry went up from the Armenian women,

"Hanum, the Turks have come to stop work on the building!"

Quietly the lady missionary said to them, "Let us pray; God can help us." In the midst of their work they knelt and prayed, "Father in heaven, Thou knowest this building is needed for the carrying forward of Christ's kingdom. The hearts of the Turks are in Thy hands and Thou canst turn them whithersoever Thou willest." Loud words from the accusers were heard, but prayer prevailed. The officer said to the missionary superintending the building, "Go on with your work. You have not gone beyond your permission."

This officer returned to the Pasha (Governor) and said, "Those men are real benefactors. They have not gone beyond their instructions. Instead of polluting our cemetery (which was near by) they are improving it, and, Effendi, I felt like staying and helping them." This stopped the mouth of the principal enemy, and the missionary superintendent made the very

man, who by his complaint had caused our trouble, overseer of the road that was being built through the Turkish cemetery with the earth and stone dug out of the foundations of our new building. This Turk became his fast friend and remained so ever after. The road then built at the north of the Girls' College, from which it was separated by a high wall so that the Turks should not watch the girls in the yard, is now called College Street, and when by and by it too shall have its rows of trees, which will more entirely separate us from the cemetery, it will be a street of beauty making an imposing background to the Girls' College.

Many nearly famished men found work digging these foundations, and the tall, dignified, turbaned Turk, passing by, would call down blessings on the father and grandfather of the builder. "For the merciful who fed the poor would find mercy with Allah." Many of the laborers were Turks who lacked daily bread. How pleased they always looked, when the missionary, at the close of the week, gave them a few cents extra for faithful work.

For years some of these same workmen were employed in similar work, as new buildings went up, and we are slow to believe that they shared

with those who afterward plundered and burned our buildings.

When after two years, our beautiful college for girls was finished, with what an almost triumphant joy we left our crowded quarters and went into this building with *not one cent of debt on it.* Had not God been a hearer and answerer of prayer? Some who gave donations and whose names were recorded over the doors of some of the rooms have met in our Father's House the martyrs whose girls, students in this college, were safely sheltered in the male college at the time of the massacre.

Come with me into the College and let us begin way down in the cellar where the storerooms are. Some of them are rather dark, for they are cut out of the solid rock and have light only on one side. Here are our refrigerators and wood bins. Here also is the wash-room where the girls come for their daily ablutions. Just beyond is the dressing-room, and through this you reach the bath-room which is lined with stone and built over a fireplace. Here you can enjoy a real Turkish bath, for it is full of steam and the floor is so hot that you will need to wear the wooden shoes or clogs the girls use. This bath is lighted every two weeks, and is one of our luxuries;

but we cannot do without it, and every girl has to pay extra for this just as you do in America for music. All the water for this tank was brought in skins on men's shoulders, till a lady missionary lectured in America to secure the money to provide the abundant supply you now see.

Let us now come out into this nice paved court. Here you see women preparing the great bags of wheat for *bulgoor*. You saw these bags on the raised platform in the storeroom; but it must all be picked over, washed, and boiled, before it goes to the mill to be crushed. Then when made into *pilaf*, with meat and a little butter, you would soon learn to like it, especially when a delicious bowl of buttermilk is served with it.

This is the dining-hall. Hark, the bell rings and soon the girls will come flocking in. How much they are like other girls! The Frank table has only twelve places and is like the tables you are accustomed to; but you will be far more interested in the round copper tables on low stools, with a table-cloth under the stool. The girls sit about these tables on cushions, à la Turk, and each one eats her food with a wooden spoon from the dish placed in the centre. The thin

wafer-like bread is placed round the table at each place. All are expected to bring their own napkins, which are kept in the cupboard over there and are like our towels. When the soup is finished the second course is served, and then if it is winter, nuts, dried fruit or Turkish sweetmeats, and if summer, grapes, melons, apples, pears, cherries, apricots, peaches or plums. The abundant fruit crop of these highlands helps much in furnishing a variety of desserts.

A short flight of stairs takes us to the sitting-rooms. The oiled floors are covered with Kurdish carpets; Turkish divans are on two sides of the rooms, one of which is for the College, and the other for the Preparatory Department girls. There is an organ for each room. Chairs and tables and some inexpensive pictures complete the furnishings. The rooms are pleasant and attractive, and here the girls are very happy when not at work or study.

The girls do all the housework and are divided into rotating circles with a first and second leader. They pass from one kind of work to another so that the daily round does not become irksome and all are trained in every variety of household employment. The plan has worked successfully for years and the leaders of the cir-

cles feel a motherly and religious interest in the younger members.

We will now pass into the beautiful, clean hospital-room lighted by three windows, and sometimes occupied by several inmates, and thence by the front door to the reception-room where the girls can see their friends under certain restrictions; sometimes alone, but usually the door into the matron's room is open and she is expected to know all that transpires.

This long flight of stairs takes us to the dormitories and teachers' rooms. As we have no bedsteads you will see the bedding all piled up neatly on the right side, covered with carpets. The dormitories consist of two large halls lined with small closets, one for each girl, where she has a seat and can keep her pictures and treasures, and where she retires for daily Bible reading and prayer. At night all the beds are spread on the floor, each as near the closet of the owner as possible. The native teachers' rooms open into these dormitories, and across the narrow hall, on the west, are the rooms of the American teachers. Near these and beside the door that leads into the girls' court, is the office where business is transacted and pupils received.

The court is protected on all sides by high

walls and in it is the Mary Davis drinking fountain. This is a very great improvement over the old water jar that was filled by the water-carrier with his goatskin bottle slung over his back.

Perhaps you are getting weary, but we have one story more to show you before we go down to the Kindergarten and Primary Departments. We will ascend these stone steps from the court instead of going inside again. At the left, as we enter the hall, we find Professor Nahigian in the chemical room teaching Physics. He is busy with experiments and his class of Juniors look bright and appreciative. He married our sweet Mariam. Farther along are other recitation rooms, while on the right is the college hall. A prettier room than this we shall seldom find, with its neat, plain finish and American desks and seats screwed to the neatly painted floor. Teacher Nazloo is here and, in her sweet, lady-like way, is teaching a class in Moral Science. In a recitation room just beyond, Mrs. Wheeler is teaching a class in English Literature. The girls are much interested in "Lady of the Lake," judging from quotations written on the blackboard. Miss Barnum is teaching Physical Geography in the next room.

At this point we enter Stone Hall where the

members of the High and Grammar Schools have their seats. Mrs. Stone gave us $25,000, and the hall was named after her. Here Miss Daniels greets us, and Miss Wheeler is giving a large class a singing lesson. They are preparing for a concert to be given before the college and outside friends. Miss Allen is at the organ. These girls are doing splendid work for those who have had so few opportunities. Such concerts we find are very uplifting, and the girls look forward to them with delight. We encourage all to learn singing, and quite a number learn to play the organ.

There are still other recitation rooms where we would love to take you that you might see how the native teachers have improved under Miss Daniels' enthusiastic lessons in Pedagogy; but 'tis most time for the midday recess and we have yet to visit other Departments. Take one look as we pass along from the southern windows of Stone Hall and I think you will not wonder that Mr. Grant and Mr. Wood, American travellers who visited us, said they had seen but one finer mountain view than this in all their travels. Below you is the great plain we call the workshop for our College pupils, where many of the three hundred villages are calling for teachers.

At the south is the Taurus range, uniting east and west with the Anti-Taurus, whose tops are covered with snow the larger part of the year, giving us cool breezes when the hot season comes. This plain is beautiful now and will continue to be till the July and August sun dries up everything that is not reached by the almost universal irrigation afforded by the streams which flow from the fountains in the valleys.

Now we will go down through the court and over the lower terrace that lies in front of the school, to our Kindergarten and Primary Departments. Here is where we receive and work up the raw material for our College. If you should put the question, those children would all say that they expect to graduate from the College, though most of them will marry before that. Here sometimes we have to send a girl home because she comes with unkempt hair and a dirty dress; but the mothers soon learn that such things will not be tolerated, and the girls themselves quickly become sensitive and ready to prompt a careless mother. This is the day for the Missionary Society, and you will be pleased to see the little ones from the Kindergarten come in to the Primary room and sit down in rows on the floor at your feet. After giving the saluta-

tion they fold their hands like so many old ladies and not a smile is seen on their faces. Give them some sweet song they have learned and you will hear very much the same music you would at home from such tots. The older children have all brought their money and are ready to hear the story you have for them.

You read from the Bible, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God." You show them on the map where Ethiopia or Africa is; you tell them these words were uttered long ago, but are now being fulfilled.

"What do you know of Africa, Sara?"

"It is a great country where black people live."

"Do any of them know about Jesus?"

"Yes, missionaries went to them and they have learned many things."

"What is the name of your society?"

All together they reply, "Little Drops of Water."

"What can little drops of water become?"

"The mighty ocean."

"What do you do with your money that you raise in this society?"

"We help support two girls in Africa."

"I have here the picture of Susiwe, one of

these girls, and a letter from her. Do you wish to hear the letter?"

"Yes, yes."

"Listen, then, 'I was an ignorant heathen girl. I did not know about Jesus. My father wanted to sell me to an wicked old man. So I took my blanket and rolling it up fled to the river. I could swim; but I was afraid of the crocodiles that eat people. What should I do? My father would soon pursue me. I put my blanket on my head and swam very fast over the river. Then I threw my blanket round me and ran to the house of Mrs. Edwards at Inanda, and she took me into her school.'

"Her father soon came to Mrs. Edwards and demanded his daughter, but Mrs. Edwards persuaded him to let her stay, and soon her sister Nomdakhe came also. Her brother and mother became Christians, and we hope the old father has ere this."

We have three other societies in the school besides "Little Drops of Water," and these all unite to send their money to Mrs. Edwards to help support Nomdakhe and Susiwe.

When the girls in Inanda Seminary, South Africa, heard that the Turks had burned down this beautiful school building through which you

had been looking, they wanted to send something to help the girls in Euphrates College, and they accomplished this by living part of the time on two meals a day and by working extra time in the fields.

Some of our dear little Primary and Kindergarten girls were so interested in the African girls that they would bring to their Teachers the apples, nuts, raisins, dried peas and salted roasted squash seeds that their mothers had given them for their noonday lunch, and the Teachers would sell these to older girls for a small sum and put the money in the society mite box. Some of the girls who went out to teach in the villages also formed missionary societies, and so the work grew.

The Male College raised up its own Professors and Teachers, and we had only two teachers in the College who were not of her own Alumni. The Professor of Armenian, English and Latin, was from one of the agricultural villages; his father was the first man to build a second story to his house and buy a stove, "so he could have the missionaries for his guests," he said. He became a very useful deacon in the church in his native village. His son married the daughter of a Preacher, one of the very first graduates of the

Girls' College. As her father died leaving her mother with a large family to care for, she had paid her way by teaching. Another graduate became the Professor of Turkish, History and French, another Professor of Higher Mathematics and the Sciences, and another chief teacher of Chemistry, Bible Study and Singing. Only the President was a missionary.

The intelligent educated Armenian has proved himself capable of filling an important place in lifting up his people. Dr. Gates reopened the College a few weeks after the terrible massacres; but was obliged for a time to leave it almost wholly to his native teachers, who proved themselves equal to the extra responsibility thrown upon them. Some of these teachers became very efficient aids to the President and other missionaries in laboring to save the widows and orphans left after the massacres of 1895.

One of the most hopeful evidences of the future of the College and High School is the fact that, though the beautiful buildings are in ashes, and cramped accommodations, paucity of books and apparatus, and lack of sufficient teaching force, make the work harder than ever, today its numbers are larger than ever before, and the work done is of a higher grade than even be-

fore the massacre. The blessing of the Lord has rested upon its pupils, and many have since become Christians.

The graduates of the College are found in many lands. Many in this land are preachers and teachers for their poor countrymen who have fled from Turkey. Some are pastors of American churches, others are doctors, dentists, engravers or artists, merchants, and all are doing first-class work and are honoring their Alma Mater.

XI

"OVER THE TAURUS MOUNTAINS"

I WELL remember the first annual meeting in Eastern Turkey. It was before the Turkish Mission was divided into Eastern, Western, and Central. We were to have this gathering at Harpoot. Missionaries would come from all parts of the empire. How should we entertain them?

We were overjoyed at the thought that Harpoot was to have this uplift. We had now been three years in the interior and had seen very few Europeans or missionaries. We were only two missionary families. We had no hotels to help us out. The meeting would be in the spring when we could not depend upon our abundant autumn fruits; just at the time when the housekeeper is often puzzled to know what she shall set before her household. We knew the meeting would be a large one, for some important business was to come before it. How were we to set about it?

Well, we formed our station into a committee of the whole to devise means and ways to carry

out our plans. It was just then the season when our best fruit was ready for the table. We had no great refrigerators to pack it away in for the future, and we lacked the knowledge of how to keep it fresh in other ways. So we resolved to pull out our cook books and preserve it, just as our grandmothers had done before us. No self sealing cans had reached Turkey, so we made shift as best we could. We made jellies and syrups, preserved luscious peaches, pears, plums, apricots, nectarines, and later, quinces, apples and melons. If we could not have the fresh apple pie, so homelike, we could prepare apple marmalade which would fill the place, when put between pastry that would almost melt in the mouth. We were New England girls, and we meant our table should not dishonor the dear old matrons in whose steps we followed.

At length the time drew nigh when the guests would begin to arrive. What should we do for guest chambers and bedding? A new house had just been finished for the new missionary who had been with us but a few months. He had not yet brought home the daughter of our beloved Father Goodell, who was the bride elect and who was expected during the summer. This house we fitted up for a dormitory. We made use of our

traveling bedsteads, beside improvising some new ones. The whitewasher and scrubbing woman made ready some of our storerooms, and one family gave up their room and retired to the kitchen, that we might combine forces and have only one large table where we could all come together. We obtained very good bedding and rugs from some of the Protestant families who were delighted at having a part in helping along our preparations.

At last the rooms for all the expected guests were ready save mirrors, and these we found in the shop of a Turk who loaned them to us and also all the extra glassware we needed.

We provided extra help and trained them for the occasion, so that when we wished to attend the meetings we would not be hindered by extra service.

The days for the arrival came and we threw open the great double doors into our large airy halls and awaited the coming of our guests. We could tell what time this would be with almost as much certainty as you can when a friend is coming on the train. We knew all of the stages of the long journey some of them must take—we knew also that they would be weary, hungry and dusty—we knew what a delight it would be

for them to have clean rooms and sit again at a table to eat; for we too had been travellers in Turkey. We had made every provision to have leisure to entertain them, and this we proposed doing with real Oriental hospitality, which has so often charmed the traveller.

When all had arrived we were forty missionaries, without counting the children. There were representatives from Bulgaria, Constantinople, Trebizond, Sivas, Cæsarea, Yozgat, Aintab, Erzeroom, Arabkir, Diarbekir, and Mosul.

The day for the opening meeting came. Mr. Allen's large parlor was selected as just the place for the sessions, for it opened into a wide hall that could receive the overflow. My parlor in the other part of our castle-like home would do for those who did not wish to attend all the services and would be in readiness for late arrivals.

A most delightful prayer hour brought us all nearer to the first Great Missionary and to each other. The Holy Spirit seemed near to guide God's children who were intent on the Master's service and felt their need of Divine wisdom.

Officers were soon chosen, and these set to work in earnest to do the work mapped out on their program. This was no less than the work

of the whole Armenian field together with the Bulgarian.

The sessions were held from half-past eight in the morning to twelve o'clock, and from half-past one in the afternoon till half-past four. Some of the work brought before them needed hours of discussion, as great and important results rested on their decisions.

Few at home can realize the responsibility that rests upon the missionaries in these meetings. When a case is brought up, its relations to the whole work must often be discussed. Then they are so limited by the money supply that they must often abandon work that seems very hopeful. What shall be given up? What new work shall be accepted and how shall it be carried forward? You cannot fail to see how very important and helpful these meetings are, besides being encouraging to the missionaries present who go back to their fields with new strength for their hard work.

At six o'clock each afternoon you would see a goodly array of saddle horses at the door (as each has had to travel on horseback to reach here) and, accompanied by one of the Harpoot missionaries, the newcomers would go out on the hills or down into the plain for an hour's ride.

Most of the evenings are spent by the gentlemen in committee work, and even the ladies are asked to write the letters for the Bible Society, the Tract Society or the Turkish Missions' Aid Society. Work presses as the time is fast passing, and each one begins to have too much of a care-worn look to call this recreation. These meetings are much like the so-called vacation of the missionaries in the home-land, during which they are expected continually to be giving addresses, till the return ticket is bought and they embark again for their fields.

Sunday has come, and with what delight we all listen to the annual sermon in our native tongue. Then the assembling round the table of our Lord, where the communion is so sweet that heaven seems to come down to meet us and we get some faint idea of what it will be when we all meet in our Father's house with Him who said, "This do in remembrance of *Me.*"

Monday the reports of the different committees are read and discussed or accepted, and the remaining business finished, for on the morrow the meeting will adjourn and the guests will make ready for their return.

Early in the morning you will think the Fourth of July has come from the music (?) in the court.

It is the sound of the muleteers whose lungs are strong and mouths open to let out all these guttural sounds. It is really quite exciting to see the busy servants running hither and thither with bag, basket and bundle. You must remember that a long journey is before these travellers, and they must take supplies, for they will not find much at the Turkish khans. What can be found in the market of dried bread, fruit and cheese is stored away in the big leather bags, while in the provision boxes are packed fresh bread, cookies, doughnuts and rusks, besides chickens nicely broiled for the first weary days.

At last the loads are strapped upon the pack-saddles of the mules. The ladies and children are packed away in the *moffas*, save the young ladies who prefer being broiled in the sun on horseback to being cramped up in the *moffas*. We watch them wind down the long mountain road to the plain, and for an hour or more can see them till some high point intervenes and we realize that we are again alone. How empty and silent the rooms now appear, that only yesterday were so full of life and joy. Even our native brothers and sisters seem to feel the change. Traces of tears are seen on some of their faces, and they say, "Hanum, do you never weep?"

If you will accompany me to Van, I will tell you of our annual meeting after we were set off as the Eastern Turkey Mission. It is a long, hard journey; but you will enjoy it, for it will take you through the most picturesque part of Turkey. Dr. and Mrs. Barnum, Edward and Frank, with my daughter Emily, will be our travelling companions. Some of us who are not very strong take this journey as a health tour. I fear we shall get more jolting than we shall like. We are to make part of the journey in Turkish wagons, springless carts, you will call them. One of the missionaries has an old-fashioned spring bed, and it is suggested that we have the luxury of some spring seats. The carpenter is called and these are soon made. What a comfort they prove to be! Indeed we so arrange the cushions at our backs that we can even sleep when very weary.

One morning early, we read the ninety-first Psalm and commit ourselves to the care of Jehovah, then make our way down the steep hill to the plain when we begin to appreciate our spring seats. We spend that night in the Protestant Chapel in a village near the mountains, finding our cot beds very useful to keep us from the hungry fleas. We have an early breakfast and

begin our climb up the Taurus mountains which we must cross on our way to Diarbekir, where we intend to do some missionary work. Up, up we go till, on reaching the top, we overlook the plain in all its spring beauty, the winter wheat even now being nearly ready for the sickle. The morning mists hang low on the mountains and, across the plain, looms up our home with the white College buildings standing out against the dark mountain-side, making a lovely picture.

We are now on the top of this part of the Taurus mountains and shall pass the night at the Khan, situated on the beautiful Lake of Guljik, which lies in the bosom of the mountain and is said to resemble the sea of Galilee. We are glad enough to rest, for we have not yet got on our travelling legs. We shall grow stronger before we reach the rougher and more trying part of our journey.

The next morning our ride is through picturesque mountain scenery. Sometimes the mountains are far above us as we ride along their sides, and a mountain torrent goes rushing to the sea far below.

We feel a little nervous when we must go very near the edge of the road to let a wagon or caravan pass. We know there is danger, but

we learn to be brave and trust to Him whom we have asked to care for us. We soon reach a strange, weird town in the mountains, called Bakar Maden (Copper Mine). At night it forcibly reminds us of Tophet. Here are streams yellow with sulphur or blue with vitriol. This mine, under a government that would develop it, would be a source of much wealth; but little copper is taken out by the present government.

Next day we are on the plain of Diarbekir, and the tall grass and dark earth remind us of the rich prairies of our native land. The horses are wide-awake now and move rapidly over the plain as if they know they have left the barren mountains. Sometimes they even break into a run, when the driver seems pleased and lets them go. We know the wagons are strong and not easily upset; then these drivers seem to know what they can do with their horses. Sooner than we expect the black walls and towers of Diarbekir loom up in the distance.

You may here see one of the finest specimens of an ancient walled city to be found in this part of Asia. This is no other than the Black Amida of the Romans, and near here were fought some terrible battles in ancient times. The Armenians call this city Dikranagerd or Tigranocerta, the

city of Tigranes, who built it. The walls are built of dark basalt which gave it the name of Black Amida. The great northern gate is open and the driver is entering the city, but I fear he will not get far, for the streets are narrow—in many places not wide enough for wagons.

We spend the Sabbath here at the home of a rich Syrian who entertains us with Oriental politeness. His house is well built of dark basaltic stone like that used for the city walls, the blocks being set in white cement, which gives it a less gloomy appearance. It is built upon four sides of a large court, with a fountain in the middle and stone steps leading into the family apartments. Turkish rugs cover the stone floors and pretty divans with cushions give the whole an appearance of luxury. We cross the court to the dining-room, where only the host and his mother-in-law sit at table with us, while the pretty wife and the sister-in-law are in the kitchen helping about the food; they would hardly feel that they had honored us should they leave this to the servants alone. The sister-in-law has been a pupil in our College, and Toma Effendi, our host, has two daughters there now. This in part accounts for our being the guests of this Syrian family.

In this city the Rev. Augustus Walker built up a most flourishing church. He fell a victim to cholera while ministering to his beloved people whom he would not leave when this scourge visited this city. By laboring for hours he succeeded in saving the life of a young man who was plague stricken; but returned to his own home to die within a few hours. His people took up his lifeless body and, mid great lamentation, bore it to its last resting-place, not far from the banks of the Tigris. The church he planted here is still flourishing and is among the strongest of our self-supporting churches.

Monday we go on to Mardin over one of the roughest of wagon roads. At times it seems as if we should be thrown on the rocks; but the alert wagoneers seem always ready to steady the almost overturned wagons, and we reach Mardin without accident after a two days' journey.

With many windings we reach the top of what might be called a mountain. No—not the top, for a famous old citadel is still farther up, and if it could speak, what a wonderful history it would tell. Under the Saracens this city was a famous seat of learning, with its 113 schools—of which the ruins of one only remains. What could more strikingly illustrate the backward

tendency of lands that have fallen under Turkish rule.

Here we spent several days resting in the homes of the missionaries, Messrs. Andrus, Ainslie and Gates, some of whom accompany us to Van. We are glad to look into the fine Boys' High School and the Girls' Seminary, now cared for by Mrs. Andrus. The schools are doing good work and promise much for the future of this city. We hope Mrs. Andrus will soon have an efficient helper to fill the place of the young ladies who are on a health furlough in America.

Monday morning Mr. Ainslie, his wife and two children, also Mr. Gates, join us, and with *moffas* and saddles we set out for the last half of our journey. We have hired bold Kurdish muleteers, for we are to cross over Mesopotamia into Kurdistan, a two weeks' journey. The muleteers are often in a jangle; but the kind, sweet words of Mr. Gates, who speaks Arabic, are always soothing, and they seem willing on the whole to make the hard journey as easy as possible. We have our tents and they are feeding their horses on grass, so it is generally, "Yawash, Yawash," (Slowly, Slowly). Sometimes when we come to plenty of grass and a good tenting place at eleven in the morning we are told that

there will not be found so good a place if we go on. So the four tents are pitched, and we become a bustling camp till darkness brings quiet and we sleep in the wilderness under the heavenly Father's care, much as Abraham did so long ago.

We, like him, have no made roads, only the bridle path of the caravan over mountain, plain and valley. Sometimes the roads are so precipitous and dangerous that we feel safer on our feet. Here we are travelling in the bed of a small mountain stream, often crossing and recrossing to get round the big boulders that have come down from the cliffs which, in some places, rise perpendicularly 200 or 300 feet above the stream. Every nook and crannie is covered with mosses, ferns or lovely little flowers, coming out of the very rocks to cheer us. In one place we come to a natural gateway just wide enough for the *moffas* and the loaded animals to pass.

One night we are not far away from a famous old walled city that played a prominent part in the wars between the Persians and Armenians. Many of the houses are hewn out of the lime stone cliffs, and the waterway, cut into the mountain-side, shows how they had been sup-

plied with water at the time when the city was surrounded with besieging armies. Some of our number go to see these ruins, but others rest so as to be ready for the hardships of the morrow, when we must cross over the Tigris, the Hiddekel of Eden; not an easy task, for there is a strong current when the water is high.

After a little more than two hours' ride we are on its banks. The animals are all unloaded. The men are busy blowing up goatskins, eight of which are bound together and boards placed upon them to form a raft. First we missionaries are paddled over. Then the raft returns and brings the loads. After these are safely landed the horses of the missionaries which cannot be trusted to swim alone, are held by the bridle and towed across. The remaining animals are stoned into the stream, and it is an exciting scene to watch them. The current on the Mesopotamian bank runs down stream, but on the Kurdistan side it runs up.

When we went over on the raft the men paddled with the current first down, then up, and the animals also, guided by instinct, swam in the same direction.

We are now in Kurdistan at the very place where Xenophon and his ten thousand passed

over the Tigris from Mesopotamia, when he fled toward the Black Sea.

We find a delegation of Kurdish Armenian Christians waiting to welcome us. Redwan, our Kurdish missionary station, is only a short distance away, and here we are to spend the Sabbath.

After camping for the night we proceed to Redwan. About a mile this side of the city we hear singing; a crowd of men, women and children are coming to meet us, preceded by a tall boy who carries a red flag on which is the word, "Welcome," in white letters. We enter the village preceded by this band singing Moody and Sankey Hymns in Kurdish. You can have no idea what it means to them or what it is to us to have such a welcome into dark Kurdistan.

On the Sabbath we have a communion service in five languages, Kurdish, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic and English. Pastor Kavme understands all these languages. He knew the first before he came to Harpoot where he was educated in our High School and Theological Seminary. Many of the brethren go with us on Monday to Tul, where we have another outstation. Here we spend the night and examine the ruins

of an old walled city. A bridge once spanned the Tigris here, and parts of the old abutments are still standing. Tul is now a small village often ravaged by the Kurds. The houses are strongly built and the doors are low so that horsemen may not ride in and over the household goods of the owner. The low doors and strong shutters of the windows are so arranged as to be securely barred at a moment's warning. When we ask why the fireplace is in the middle of the room and has no hole over it as in the villages on our Harpoot plain, we are told that it is built there for safety, so the Kurds cannot kill the women at work. This means that the smoke must find its way out of several small holes in other parts of the roof.

Every man carries his big knife or short sword at his belt to defend himself if attacked by the Kurds. The chief man of the village became a Christian and set himself to save the rest. He built a chapel, had a preacher come and then went out and gathered in the people. If he could not persuade them to come, he said, "You may leave this village. I will not allow a Godless man to live here." Before his conversion he had been a great fighter, and the people knew he meant what he said. He succeeded in what we

might call muscular Christianity, for all the people came.

We rest for the night at Tul, and then wind our way up the steep path that leads us toward the city of Bitlis, right in the midst of the wild mountain scenery of Kurdistan. Soon we hear the Bitlis river as it comes tumbling down over the rocks. We follow this for hours, coming at length to an old caravansary which must have been the stopping place of caravans from Persia hundreds of years ago. It is now deserted, and we pitch our tent for the night near by. The proximity of the snow-capped mountains makes it so cold that we need all our wraps.

The early morning finds us enroute. The air is invigorating and we shall reach Bitlis before the sun is hot enough to make us uncomfortable. The last few hours are shortened by the meeting of some of the missionaries who have come out to bring us into the city.

This city, like Diarbekir, is built of dark stone, and has one of the best church edifices in our Mission. Here too is a good High School for boys where Mrs. Knapp has prepared many lads for Euphrates College. Here the Misses Ely have their model High School, the Mt. Holyoke

of Kurdistan. What a home welcome we get here. The food tastes so good and everything is so neat and clean. They have kept their dainties for us and have prepared their best rooms. In fact I do believe they have moved into tents and storerooms, for the house cannot have rooms enough for us all. When we start on the last three days' stretch that lies between us and Van we find they have filled all our empty boxes with fresh bread, cake and doughnuts, and some of their fresh, sweet butter.

We shall enjoy the route that leads away from this most picturesque city perched upon its mountain crags, resembling more an eagle's nest than a crowded city. We cross the noisy Bitlis river over a well-built bridge and are in the midst of what might be called New England scenery. We enjoy this all the way to the head of Lake Van, an inland sea forty miles wide and eighty long. This beautiful blue lake is a glorious vision reflecting in its still waters all the lovely hues of the overhanging trees. Further away from the banks the clouds vie with the trees in displaying their wonderful panorama. The only things lacking to make the scene homelike are the white winged boats and steamers that would cover such a body of water in the western

world. We see only now and then the lateen sail of the small boat.

The city of Van on the opposite shore is too distant to be seen. We are told by some that this city was built by Semeramis, but we cannot vouch for the truth of this. We only know that old Nebuchadnezzar mustered his armies on the plains before it, and it has doubtless witnessed many bloody encounters. It is the seat of civil and military government in the province, and the consulates of Russia, Persia and England are here. Two French Fathers have a Mission here as well as four missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. Many of the resident Armenians carry on trade with Constantinople and some parts of the town are much more European than Harpoot. Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and the Misses Kimball and Johnson, welcome us to their homes where we find Mr. and Mrs. Chambers of Erzeroom, and Dr. and Mrs. Cochran and the Misses Van Duzee and Cochran from Persia.

We have a most enjoyable ten days' meeting together, so much like the one at Harpoot that we will only take you to the great dinner to be served at the English consulate in honor of the Americans. We all dress in our best garments, and some of us even go to Dr. Kimball to

ask her if she will be ashamed of her guests. She declares that she is surprised at our stylish appearance. The old silk dresses had been renewed according to the patterns sent from the home-land; the old laces had been brought out from boxes and arranged for this annual meeting.

When we reach the Consulate the Kurdish band of the Military Pasha is skillfully playing very homelike music. The consul meets us on the steps and, as he is not married, acts the part of both host and hostess. We lay aside our wraps in the waiting-hall where Armenian and Greek servants are in attendance. The consul gives his arm to the eldest of the ladies and leads her to the reception-hall, the others following in the order of their ages. He introduces her to the guests according to their rank, commencing with the military Pasha, a fine looking man, and so on to the Russian and Persian consuls, the French Fathers and the Greek and Armenian Effendis. She is glad when the ordeal is over and looks with interest while the others are being introduced. Dr. Barnum, our Turkish speaking missionary, is placed beside the Governor and we all find ourselves quite at ease in the home of genial consul Barnham who has spent some time at Harpoot in days gone by.

Dinner is served in a large hall hung with flags. The band just outside gives us sweet music. Each lady goes to dinner on the arm of one with whom she can converse. There are Englishmen, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Frenchmen, Persians and Russians present. The consul is very ingenious in seating his guests so that all enjoy their dinner. When the toast to the Queen of England is proposed the band strikes up "God save the Queen." Other toasts are given, one being to the American ladies, to which the consul replies.

The annual meeting at Van is over all too soon and we hasten back to Harpoot to the Commencement exercises of Euphrates College.

PART II

Weighed and Not Found Wanting

XII

GREGORY THE MARTYR

THE Rev. Mr. Dunmore, on a missionary journey from Mesopotamia over the Taurus Mountains to Armenia, at the close of the third day's journey looked down upon a beautiful plain covered with wide fields of golden grain. Many villages nestled among the green gardens and vineyards.

To the north the city of Harpoot, perched on her rocky battlements above the plain, with her grim castle, older than the Crusades, watched like a sentinel over the homes at her feet. The missionary dismounted and, leading his weary steed down the steep descent, gazed upon the beautiful panorama. Far below he could hear the lowing of cattle and the tinkling of bells as the herdsmen drove home the herds for the coming night; even the cries of the children sounded shrill on the evening air. All at once, from every village and hamlet little spirals of smoke began to ascend and, catching the rays of the setting sun, formed a silver cloud that shut in the villagers to their evening meal.

Remounting his steed, in a few moments he

enters the nearest village and asks for entertainment. Hospitality requires the head man of the village to provide him with a room and whatever he needs. After seeing that his horse is properly cared for, being urged by his host to make himself as comfortable as possible till his supper is prepared, he unbinds his extra wraps and puts his saddle bags in a cool place for a seat. He asks his host the name of the village and how many villages there are on this plain.

"Cheleby, (Honorable) we are told that there are on Harpoot plain as many villages as there are days in the year. I am only a poor villager and cannot read books, but our wise men tell us that the great river of Eden, the Euphrates, flows down from the snows of those high mountains you see at the north, and that growing larger and larger, it is finally lost in the great sea. I have been to Harpoot and beyond, and I have seen the Great River, and indeed it flows round our plain. Hagopos, bring the Cheleby's dinner! He must be hungry, and it is getting late."

The little round table of well scrubbed wood is placed on a stool before the missionary, and upon it is placed the cracked wheat, cooked with a little meat, and a bowl of buttermilk.

"What a field for missionary work," said the

traveller, as he lay down to sleep on his hard couch. "I have come from the banks of the Hiddekel and here is the greater Euphrates. Who shall say we may not be in Eden?"

In the morning, a few hours' ride brought Mr. Dunmore to the city on the hill. It was soon noised abroad that a Frank was at the khan, and many were interested to know what brought this foreigner to Harpoot. A few heard that he was a missionary on his way to Arabkir, and among those who came to call in the evening was a timid young man, with a sweet, soft voice who bought an Armenian Testament.

Gregory, the man who bought the Testament, knew how to read, for he had been a church-reader in his native village of Mashkir. At that time (over forty years ago) few beside priests and church-readers could read. You may be sure he carefully concealed this little book when he returned to his tailor-shop in the town of Mezereh, two miles from Harpoot, for it would bring great reproach upon him and probably cost him his place, so bitter was the feeling at that time against the missionary and his Prote [1] book. It must have been difficult for him to find the

[1] The name given by Gregorians to Protestants and often pronounced "Prode" meaning leper.

place and time safely to read and meditate upon its truths; but we do know that the light from its sacred page entered his heart and illumined his soul. He was religious by nature; a kind and gentle youth; much we believe like the young man who came to Christ and asked, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" I think he must have kept all the church fasts and feasts, being one of the most zealous of choir-boys, and later, church-readers.

The Testament was read and reread, as he had no other book save a Church Psalter. The birth of Jesus, His parables, and the sermon on the mount, were to young Gregory intensely interesting. The parables and teachings of Christ were so different from anything he had ever heard from the priests and bishops who had taught him to believe in fasts, prayers to the Virgin and to the saints, and even in pictures and holy relics. He seemed like one awaking from a wonderful dream. With tearful eyes he followed the narrative of Christ's trial and condemnation, and when He died on the cross, Gregory was almost heartbroken. Yet he did not wholly comprehend all that this wonderful Saviour was to be to him.

The story of the Virgin Mary as told in the

gospel of Luke, he found to be much like what his mother had taught him when a little boy. She was the mother of Jesus, and Jesus was God. Why should he not worship her? Was she not the mother of God? He was much perplexed. To whom should he go? It was no use to go to his priest or the bishop. They would only rebuke him, a tailor, for asking such a question. He read in Luke beautiful things about the Virgin; but nowhere did it say she should be worshipped or would answer prayers. "If she could not answer prayer," he said, "surely the other saints could not." When he saw his dear mother and others he loved bowing before the Virgin and the pictures of the saints that hung on the church walls, his heart was filled with sorrow. Could it be true that they were wrong? Did the Bible of God say so—that beautiful Book that the people might kiss, when his bishop, with holy hands, brought it out from under the sacred altar? This Testament in his girdle was a part of that Book, and he resolved to study it carefully; then sometime he might have a Bible of his own to read, where he should find all the things he wished to know.

He sometimes found himself in great perplexity, as in John iii. 3, where Jesus says to

Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." He had been baptized in infancy. He was not a heathen nor a disbeliever, but a Christian. Nicodemus belonged to the Jewish Church, and was a great ruler in that church, yet Jesus said to him, "Ye must be born again." "Born of the Spirit" puzzled him still more. He had seen the white dove above the altar and knew that it symbolized the Holy Spirit; but of His working he knew nothing. We believe that the Spirit Himself taught this earnest seeker after the truth, and that before the missionaries came He began to explain to him what he longed to know; but it was several years later that he fixed upon as the date of his new birth.

That we may measure the difficulties in the way of this young man who went about his daily task with his Testament in his girdle, we must consider the bitter feeling against the Protes and the Prote book that he must encounter on every hand. The townspeople seized those who dared to possess a Testament and gave them a severe beating, declaring that they would have no Prote in their town. Priests cursed all who should venture to read this book. Fathers threatened to disinherit their sons for visiting the missionaries, and even drove them with curses

from their homes. Mothers told their children that they would rather they should become Turks than to read that Bible. And Gregory knew that his wife and mother would be greatly grieved if they discovered that he not only had a Testament but read it and prayed daily that they might accept its truths.

When at length the new missionaries opened a Bible Training School for young men, he felt that God was calling him to give up the tailor-shop and enter this school. But to do this he felt that he must sacrifice all that he loved. Could he do this? Could he take this step that would brand him as a Prote—one who had lost his patriotism and denied his own church. We may well believe that he prayed earnestly and long before he decided, for he was too kind and generous, hastily to do what would grieve his father, mother and wife. He studied his Testament and was guided to choose the Bible School even at the cost of being despised by those whom he most loved.

How little can we in this Christian land understand the feelings of this young Armenian. He would not only be branded as a Prote but as a Traitor and a Heretic.

Here is where the modern Armenian Bible be-

came such a help to the Armenians in the earlier years of missionary work among them. When they were convinced that Dr. Riggs' translation of the Bible into the modern language was really their *own* Bible, they did not feel that they were rejecting their Ancient Armenian version[1] even though they were persecuted by the Gregorian church.

In the class of seventeen young men, which was the first class in the new Bible Training School, were found some more scholarly, but none who won the respect of all as did "Little Gregory." He was the one who seemed more like the "beloved disciple." His smile, his gentle manner, and his kindness, were the natural outgrowth of a loving heart; and it is not strange that he was noted as "the polite little tailor." Parts of three years he studied at Harpoot, not only Theology and Church History, but also Geography, Grammar and Arithmetic. The Bible was the principal text-book, and that was what he needed. The time not engaged in

[1] The Ancient Armenian version was a translation of the Bible made by Mesob, the Holy, in 419, in the city of Palu. This ancient language is not now well understood by the common people. It is a fine translation from the Greek and Hebrew, and a proof of the scholarship in the early Armenian church. It was not printed until the twelfth century. Thousands of manuscript copies were prepared in the monasteries, some beautifully illuminated. Most of these have been destroyed by the conquerors of the country. The people were justly proud of these real works of art, for they were almost the only thing that the hand of the earlier destroyer had left to these oppressed Christians.

study he spent in evangelistic work among the villages; and while not a great preacher, his personal influence was powerful.

After graduation he was called to the large village of Ichmeh, twenty miles to the southeast of Harpoot. Perhaps there was no village in all the field so difficult to manage, as most of the Protestants there were accustomed to think and to act for themselves ; for when the gospel entered, it did not reach the poor and lower classes alone, but also the more thoughtful and well-to-do. One of the best men in the village, whom all esteemed, began to read the gospel and to make his influence felt. Bedros (Peter), the carpenter, who had served in the Turkish army during the Crimean war, was another early adherent. His wife soon learned to read and "Prote Markareed" (Margaret), as she was called, began immediately to work for her neighbors. She filled her strong, homespun, red apron with primers, and went from house to house to persuade and teach the women. When one had learned to read, she quickly ordered a Testament from the city, and kept up the lessons till she could be left alone.

Gregory, daily growing into the love and sympathy of his people, won the rich as well as the poor. Gulaser (Lover of Roses), the rich shoe-

dealer, a tall, noble looking man, was seen going to the chapel ; and not long after his manly son, Mardiros (Martyr), and his three brothers, followed their father. They came home with such glowing accounts of the sermons that their mother, Hach Hattoon (Lady of the Cross), determined to go some Sabbath and hear for herself. She was really the head of the household, though not the oldest bride. Her husband's brother, Boghos (Paul), the Goldsmith, was older than Gulaser, and thus, by right and honor, at the head of this patriarchal family of forty souls. Paul's wife was partially blind, so the second bride took her place, as the mother-in-law was dead.

Hach Hattoon did not wish to disobey or dishonor Paul who had said to *his* wife, "I will beat you, if you ever go to the Prote chapel." So she chose to wait and go when he was away. When she did go, she was greatly delighted with the services, and it did not require much persuasion to induce her to learn to read. Her boys brought home a primer saying, "Mother, mother, you *must* learn to read. Look, it's so easy—aip, pen, kim, (a, b, c). Repeat them." They followed her about the house repeating the first letters over and over again till she learned

Bread Making. Spinning and Winding.

Village Scenes.

them. She put her primer under her cushion where she was accustomed to sit and spin, and often pulled it out to repeat over the letters.

The day for bread-making came, when all the neighboring women gathered to help. (Baking is usually done once a month in large families. It is a grand Baking Bee, or in Occidental phrase a Woman's Baking Club.) Hach Hattoon was just beginning to spell out short words and, being a strong, energetic woman, had rolled out into thin cakes more dough than the baking women[1] had made use of, so, having a little time on her hands, she pulled out her book, and what was her delight, as she spelled out the first word "hō, aip, tzō," to learn from her son that it was "hätz" bread. Very soon she was reading in her Testament of Christ the Living Bread.

Boghos' wife was so interested in what she heard at home of the Little Preacher that she determined one Wednesday evening to go to the prayer-meeting. She said, "I knew my husband would be busy in his shop that evening, and would not find out that I had been to church; I crept quietly under the wall, so that he should

[1] In that region the oven is a hole in the floor like a shallow well, lined with flat stones. The fire is built in the bottom and, when the oven is sufficiently heated, the bread is plastered on to the sides. It requires a woman with considerable skill and dexterity to put the bread on, and to keep it from burning, she must sit there with her long iron hook ready to take it out at the right moment. Bread-baking is a regular trade.

not see me, and went. I was filled with joy at the words I heard; but my joy soon turned to consternation, when on coming out, I came face to face with my husband. I knew I had done wrong, and expected a beating. Boghos came home, and taking me by the hand, said, 'Did I not tell you I would beat you if you entered the Prote Chapel?' I trembled all over. I felt that he had a right to beat me, as I had disobeyed. He looked me in the eye and said, smiling, 'Yeghesa, [Lizzie,] I will not beat you. You may go to prayer-meeting.'" The same sweet voice that had won his strong, manly brother, had won him also; he too was at this same Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, and henceforth that family of forty souls was a household for Christ.

The time had come for the people to invite Gregory to become their pastor. Though the house used as a chapel was small, and the one for parsonage so small that one of the missionaries called it "The Mouse Hole," the people could not wait to build a new chapel and parsonage, for they wanted to feel that this man *belonged* to them.

Every effort was put forth to raise as much of his salary as possible. When he heard how

much the missionaries required of this village congregation, he for once lost faith and said, "I do not believe the people can give so much. Do not ordain me over that people. My pastorate will prove a failure." His whole class sympathized with him, and protested against this, feeling sure it would only be an injury to the cause. A few weeks later he was amazed when he found that not only this sum was raised and ready but more than had been required. When referring afterward in a public meeting to his lack of faith at this time he said, "I wonder the earth did not open her mouth and swallow me up. It was then I really gave my whole heart to Christ and was truly converted." We would say it was another Divine uplift toward that Saviour he was so lovingly to confess for years before the people who loved him so tenderly and with whom he would be called to a great trial of faith.

The missionaries, the Harpoot Pastor and deacons were invited to his ordination, which had to be held in a grove that all who wished might be present. The plain chapel pulpit was brought out and seats enough found for missionaries, Pastors and delegates. An earnest charge to the people was given by a missionary, and then Greg-

ory knelt before the pulpit to receive the consecration which made him a minister of the Lord Jesus. Pastor Mardiros of Harpoot gave him the loving right hand of fellowship. When Gregory raised his hand in benediction, many of the large audience were in tears, not of sorrow, but of joy.

The numbers attending the Protestant services so increased that a larger place of worship was imperative. The people even came in such numbers that at times they really sat in each others' laps, and did not find fault either at being crowded into such a small space. Would that so many people who cannot bear the confinement of an hour in our spacious churches might have something of this spirit. How it would uplift the ministers and bless the hearers.

The people took the small grant made them by the missionaries and built a commodious, but very plain church. When it was all finished and paid for, the missionaries, pastor and brethren from Harpoot, were invited to help dedicate it.

The whole village was stirred, and even the Turks looked on with apparent joy. A converted priest and his wife were present to tell of their great joy in finding the little Pastor's Christ. They had bought a Bible, for they dared not go

to the Protestant Church. When their children were in bed, they hung a curtain before the window and, late into the night, read "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." At length the priest said: "Wife, if this book is true, we are lost." They continued reading their Bible till conviction grew so strong that the wife said: "If this book is true, let us obey it." The priest answered, "That would cost us our living and we should be obliged to beg from door to door." "Better do so, than to lose our souls," she replied.

These troubled ones resolved in Christ's strength to go the next morning to the Protestant Church and listen to the earnest Pastor. They were welcomed and comforted. The news soon reached the neighbors and showers of stones and clods of earth came down on the priest's house. If either appeared in the streets they were hooted at by cries of "Prote! Prote!" They however remained firm and, after a time of trial, came up to Harpoot to be instructed in the Bible School.

This persecution did good. Many said that it was uncalled for, as they were only reading the Word of God. "Why should we not all read the Bible? Why should we remain as ignorant

as the donkeys in our stables?" "For my part, I am glad," said one, "that one of our priests is bold enough to meet this ignorance. May he return from the city to preach in the church over the Holy Fountain."

Soon after a missionary lady visiting the village, was told by those once so hostile, of the great change that had come to them. "Why we all love Pastor Gregory, because he is such a good man." Even the Turks began to call him, "Badvelli Baba," (Honorable Father).

Gulaser had long desired to see his friend and Pastor in a better house and, instead of the "Mouse Hole," a house with four rooms and a hall on the second story was built, so that the pastor could now be comfortable and have his friends from the city spend the night with him: especially missionaries who now had to go to good Gulaser's house or that of Bedros, the carpenter. There were other needs to be supplied in the minister's home. And once, when needing some books, he went to borrow some money of the prosperous Bedros, who now had two daughters and a son at the college in Harpoot, the carpenter said, "How can you pay for those out of your small salary? Here, take this," passing him twenty dollars. "Get the books you

need and let me pay for them." With what joy Gregory came to the missionary, who afterward told this story to some kind friends in the homeland, and in the end a good many new books found their way through that twenty dollars into the pastor's new study.

Gregory's wife, who lived with his mother till he entered the Bible School, could not be easily prevailed upon to come to the school for women. It was not till after her father and brother had been persuaded that the Bible should be read by the people that she ventured to leave her father-in-law's home and come to Harpoot. She was so timid that she would not answer any question put to her by the missionary ladies. Mingling among the other women in the school this timidity gradually wore away so that she made considerable progress in study; but she never so overcame her bashfulness that she could conduct the women's meetings among her husband's people. She was a sweet Christian, and her influence was felt for good, not only in her husband's parish, but outside as well.

The Pastor had not an enemy in the whole village among Christians or Turks. The women were first drawn to him because he was so kind to his invalid wife. They would go in to help

her with her housework before they were ready to receive the truths of the Bible, and afterward told the Pastor that they put cotton in their ears, so they might not hear the Bible and become "Protes." They said, "How could we see her suffer and not go to help her, even though we thought her people all heretics."

God raised up a very strong helper for Gregory and Marta in the sister of Gulaser, who for years led the women's work in Ichmeh. It was an exceedingly pleasant sight to go into a woman's prayer-meeting in Gregory's church and see the happy faces of the women as they came with Testament and hymn-book, for all loved to sing.

The parsonage at first lacked many things, among which were tubs. Most of the women washed at the fountain, "the great village wash-tub," as some called it; but Marta was not strong enough to do this. She disliked to borrow from her neighbors, and one day her husband found her in tears while trying to wash in a large pan. "What is it, Marta?" said the kind-hearted man. "Why, Gregory, I dislike to borrow a tub, and I have nothing to wash in." "Marta, God will give us a tub if we trust Him." I feel sure he must have made a special plea, for one evening not long after, going out toward the city, he met

the carpenter with two copper vessels[1] on his mule, and heard him call out, "Look here, Pastor Gregory, these tubs are for you. The missionaries have sent them as a present for your new house." He hastened back to tell his wife, "The new tubs *have come*, a present from the missionaries. Marta, I do not know how the missionaries learned we had no tubs, but we can now be sure that it is good to cast our burdens on the Lord. Let us learn to take all our cares to our kind Heavenly Father, who will care for us most tenderly."

The new house was larger, but colder. A missionary lady, spending a week in the village, found that the little wife was suffering from rheumatism. She soon became convinced that lack of warm clothing was the cause. Knowing beforehand that she would be invited to dine at the well-to-do shoe-dealer's house, she had brought with her a nice, warm plush jacket, given her by a friend. Marta seemed to need this more than she did, so she put it onto the frail, shrinking woman, and that was the last that we heard of the rheumatism.[2] Could some

[1] The only tubs used in the country are of copper and quite expensive.

[2] Not long after this, a warmer, better cloak came to the missionary from a stranger in America, who knew nothing of the circumstances. As she took it out of the box she said to her husband, "Isn't that just like God? Only it's too nice for me to wear here."

of the dear Christian ladies in our churches have seen the bright face and heard the thank you that came with a tearful voice, they would long to put into the hands of many missionaries the extra garments that would help to keep warm many a half-clad sister of the Master.

In this way the Lord provided for the good Pastor and his wife, and they seemed to feel that their cup was running over with blessings. The Pastor had no desire to leave his flock, nor would they listen to his leaving them. It proved a union for life.

Marta went from house to house visiting the people, and none were more welcome than she, for she had a pleasant word for all, and all the people loved her. She had been more feeble than usual one winter, but she still went to the prayer-meetings. One afternoon after she had spoken very tenderly to the sisters, and with an unwonted calmness, she went to her home and, before her husband who was out calling could reach her, passed to her heavenly home. The Pastor wrote a beautiful memorial of her and seemed ever after to live as one who felt that when she entered the heavenly city, she left the gates ajar for him.

Two of the Pastor's sons were in business in

Constantinople, and two were in the ministry. One who was a graduate of Euphrates College, afterward studied Theology at Lane Seminary, and was called to labor among the Armenians in Tabriz, Persia.

The younger son, who was preaching at a village on the plain, was invited to come to Ichmeh to assist his father in his work. Before he removed to Ichmeh with his family, the massacre of November, 1895, passed over Armenia. Ichmeh was one of the villages visited by this terrible persecution. Bedros, the carpenter, had been called home a few months before; his house was looted, but not burned. The Turks said of his wife, Markareed, "It would be well to put to death a woman who dared to withstand even a Turk."

Gulaser, the Pastor's great and good friend, the most honorable among the Christians, was beheaded with a sword as he sat in his house; his brother, Boghos, nearly eighty years of age, was dragged from his sick bed, stripped of his clothing, and left to die. Gulaser's son Mardiros, was imprisoned with many others in the Gregorian church. Hach Hattoon, his wife, fled with the other women of the household to a Turkish neighbor's harem, where they were protected till

it was safe to return to their own home. Thus protection was given to many women driven from their homes, and these Christian women will never forget the kindness they received from Moslem women.

Pastor Gregory's house was robbed and he, stripped of most of his garments, left with the little girl he had adopted. After a few days he too was sent to the Gregorian church, and imprisoned with some sixty others. Some of these to gain their liberty accepted the Moslem faith and bound on the white turban, saying, "In a few days the English will deliver us; why should we die?" The Pastor comforted those who were left and exhorted them to trust in the Lord Jehovah even unto death. A Kurdish Sheikh and a few of his followers were called from the mountains near Ichmeh, so that the Turks might throw the blame on the Kurds. The village officials opened the church and brought out the Pastor, arrayed in an old pair of pants, too old to be taken away, and a pair of women's shoes. They asked him if he would repeat the formula that would make him a Moslem.

"We will make you a Moolah in our church if you will accept Mohammed."

"Have I confessed Christ till my hair has

grown grey," he replied, "and shall I now deny Him?"

The tall Kurdish Sheikh who was the judge, commanded the Kurds to fire, and the Pastor fell pierced with many bullets. "Drag him away!" said the chief to those who had bound on the white to save themselves. As they lifted him tenderly, for they loved him, the command came, "Tie a rope to his legs and drag him away like a dead donkey!"

One after another passed through the ordeal till the sacred fountain running out from under the church was one of blood.

Then came the tall, noble son of Gulaser, Deacon Mardiros. "Will you confess Mohammed?" "Mardiros," he said, "have I lived and Mardiros will I die." (Which translated means, "Martyr have I lived and Martyr will I die.")

The wonderful vison of the Apocalypse shows us under the altar the souls of the martyrs "slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for

a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

Ichmeh and her Christian Church are in ruins, but out of these ruins shall come forth a stronger, nobler church. Those on the ground write, "For God's sake, send us help." Who will enter the many doors opened before us? Places never before accessible to the missionary, now call for spiritual instruction. The Spirit is moving in the stricken churches.

Who is ready to go?

XIII

BOGHOS THE HERMIT AND MARTYR

BOGHOS ATLASIAN was the son of Syrian parents in the Syrian ward of the city of Harpoot. Here he learned to read and write in the church school. His father had consecrated him to the priesthood, so when fourteen years of age he was sent to a Syrian monastery in Mesopotamia. The bishop received him into his house as a servant, allowing him some time for study.

He was greatly troubled when he saw the wickedness of the priests and acolytes, and when he learned that the bishop, in whose house he lived, was daily breaking the commands of the Bible by sinful relations with one of his servants. Meeting this woman one day, he earnestly set before her the fearfulness of sin, God's judgments, and the hell which followed. "What is hell?" she said. Putting his hand into the fire and letting it remain till burned, he replied, holding it up, "This is hell." She reported this to the bishop, who was so exasperated that he took Boghos and tied him outside the house and left him there all night in the cold and rain.

Boghos, feeling sure that this was not the place for him, fled and, after some days' wanderings, found in the mountains of Jebel Toor an old monastery, uninhabited. There he resolved to give himself to prayer, meditation and the reading of his Syrian Bible. He could not trust man, but believed God's word would not lead him into sin. He lived on the simplest food. Sometimes a shepherd would share his lunch with him. When the peasantry on the plain learned from the shepherds that a very holy monk lived alone in the deserted monastery, they came to ask his prayers in times of distress and often brought him something from their scanty stores; but he lived largely on roots, nuts and acorns. These he sometimes powdered with stones and baked into bread in the sun. In the spring he found some green herbs which he remembered his mother used as relishes. These made a change in his scanty diet.

Feeling that he was not gaining the wished-for victory over sin, he made a shirt of coarse haircloth and put it next to his body that it might irritate the skin. But this was not enough to keep all sinful thoughts away, so he made a whip with bits of iron on the ends of the lashes, and with this scourged his bare back. He would

kneel in prayer in the cold snow and rain till his knees became sore. When weary and sleepy, he would throw himself across a rope that he might pray instead of sleep. Sometimes he fell to the floor from exhaustion and remained insensible till sleep refreshed him.

He left his lonely monastery in Jebel Toor and came to another old monastery nearer the city of Mardin. Here he had three companions; but as he wished to be more alone, he found an old, unused, dry cistern, and spent much of his time in this in prayer and fasting.

A colporteur of the American mission at Mardin, heard from the people in the neighborhood that a very holy monk lived in this monastery who never came to the village or mingled with people. He expressed a desire to see him; but the people tried to dissuade him from attempting this. "He will run from you like a wild man and will not talk with you," they said. The colporteur was all the more determined to see the man, and from time to time he would go to the opening in the top of the cistern and throw down to Boghos certain passages of Scripture for him to find in his Bible and think about till he should come again. In this way he so influenced the hermit that he was willing to talk with him, and

even to see Mr. Andrus, one of the missionaries at Mardin, who took with him an Arabic tract, which convinced Boghos that his life of penance would neither give him freedom from sin nor peace of conscience.

He left the monastery, came to Mardin, and entered the school of Bible study. He soon gave evidence that he was a real child of God; and the peace he had so long sought in vain, he found in Christ, the sacrifice for sin. He no longer sought holiness through his own works, but rested fully in the Saviour who could save him from all sin. The missionaries feeling it wiser to try him before admitting him to church fellowship, sent him to one of their outstations to labor in the market-place among the men. In this place was a Protestant church and a faithful and earnest pastor, who watched with fatherly care over Boghos as he went about his work. He was convinced that Boghos was daily taught of God, and was raised up to be a chosen vessel in the service of the church.

The Midyat church was to celebrate the Lord's Supper and several were to be received to membership. He went to the Pastor and begged that he might be allowed to join the church with these. He did not plead his fitness, but his de-

sire to come into more intimate communion with Christ's Church. So earnest was his plea that the Pastor, knowing he was to unite with the Mardin church in the spring, granted his desire. Not long after, this Pastor was authorized to go into the region of Jebel Toor to administer relief to the starving people. For several years the locust had destroyed every green thing. He felt that Boghos would be just the one to help in this work. The people would welcome him as the hermit who once lived among them. But when they recognized him, they were filled with rage and, had not the Pastor protected him, would have torn him to pieces. Was he not the holy hermit who had dared to leave his work and come into the society of sinful men? Surely God's curse must rest upon such an one.

Boghos afterward graduated from the Theological Seminary in Mardin and was sent to work in the village of Amas near Midyat, where he had joined the church. He was earnest and untiring in his work and beloved by the people. During his short stay eleven were brought to Christ and united with the church at Midyat.

His father and mother being quite aged earnestly besought him to return to Harpoot, where he could find work and be near them. He ob-

tained the consent of the missionaries, who had educated him for the Syrian work, and with a sad heart bade them, his Syrian friends, and the work, farewell.

When he returned to Harpoot he found that he had forgotten much of his Armenian, having used Arabic and Syriac while away. He asked to enter the Theological Seminary at Harpoot and take up the Bible Study, feeling this would be the best way to regain his knowledge of Armenian. This being the language of his boyhood, he soon came to use it fluently.

After spending some time in the Seminary, he was able to go out on the Sabbath to preach in some of the many villages on the Harpoot plain. The church in Hulakegh had lost its Pastor, and Sabbath after Sabbath he was called to this village. Soon a committee waited on the missionaries and asked that he might come permanently to their village. The whole village seemed to wake up at his enthusiastic way of working. Every man, woman and child seemed to have felt his touch, and all were anxious to please him. The women had been inclined to gossip in the church after service. He so thoroughly put an end to this that once, when a lady missionary who was visiting the village asked a question of

one of the women in leaving the church, the woman put her finger on her lips and made no reply. On reaching the door, she said "Our preacher does not wish us to talk in church. He does not think it reverent."

Well do we remember with what hostility this village received the first missionary who came to it. The hired room was filled almost to suffocation; but at that time all were hostile and would gladly have placed the missionary on a donkey, with his face toward the tail, and hooted him out of the village. The only thing that restrained them was the fear that the Turkish government would call them to account. They cut off the tail of the missionary's horse and then, as if that was not enough, they thrust a lewd Turkish woman into the room where the missionary was spending the night, calling out, "Look! See! what kind of company this Prote missionary keeps."

But none of these things moved the missionary. Again and again he went with his Bible to teach in this village. Some of the best, most respected and worthy men, became readers of the Bible, and a strong Protestant community grew up.

It was to this village that our Syrian monk had

a call. He did not disappoint the missionaries, but entered with his whole soul into this work. They had built a new church, and instead of the low, black room where the missionary had staid, a clean, well-built parsonage, with several rooms, was erected. The young men were thoroughly awake and felt that God had sent them just the right man to work with them. So they gave Boghos a unanimous call to be their Pastor.

While in the Seminary at Harpoot, Boghos had heard of a young lady teacher in the college who was the daughter of a Palu merchant in the city. This merchant was noted for his Puritanical ideas, which, under certain circumstances, would have made him a hermit. Boghos was known as a very earnest, straightforward Christian. He was a good preacher, and his very manner made you feel that his earnest words came from an earnest soul. The merchant was much interested in him, and would have gladly called him to be his own Pastor, if the calling had been left to him. The notice and kindness of the merchant made Boghos feel that his daughter Mariam was just the one he needed to help him in his work of the ministry. His mother had died, and his father and little brother would live with him, and he ought to be married before his

ordination. Should he ask for this successful young teacher in the College? The father might be willing to give her; but would she accept a man who had for some years lived as a hermit? She an Armenian, he a Syrian? Would she exchange her place as a College teacher to be the wife of a Pastor in a peasant village?

He must have prayed much over this whole question before he sent a mutual friend to ask the merchant for the hand of his accomplished daughter. The father's and mother's consent was obtained. This was a very important step, but not a decision. The young lady was educated and old enough to decide for herself. Custom forbade the young man's asking for himself; this must be done through one of the American teachers, or some older friend.

We would not draw aside the veil that shuts out the struggles and prayers of this sensible young Christian; but we may be assured that it was not a hasty decision that led her to leave her place in the College, her parents, and her privileges in the city, to make her home in an oil village.

We may say that the beautiful girl became a more beautiful bride, with a new and sweeter joy on the bright face, and side by side with

Boghos, labored in the village church where she was as much loved as her husband, and where she found a work and influence that called forth her gratitude to God for her Christian education.

The harvest was gathered in, the repairs on the church finished, and the people were impatient for the ordination of Boghos. The time was fixed and the letters of invitation sent to the churches.

Then strange rumors floated on the air. Many believed that the Turks and Kurds were preparing for a wholesale slaughter of the Armenians. Friendly Kurds and Turks even told the Armenians to be ready for such an outbreak. The father of Mariam, knowing that the village of Hulakegh was wholly Armenian, felt that the danger might be greater there than in places where the population was mixed, and went to bring his daughter to the city. He found her so brave that he would not urge her to leave.

When village after village was attacked and left only a smouldering ruin, many of the people being slain and the rest left homeless wanderers, the people of Hulakegh came to Boghos and begged him to flee with his wife to the city to her father's house. But he refused to think of such a thing.

"Shall I flee from my flock in a time of danger?"

"You will be the one they will first kill, and who will care for your wife? We would rather you were spared to comfort us after the storm has passed. The city will not be attacked. Go, take your wife to her father's house and afterward you can come back to us."

So earnest were their entreaties, in which they were joined by his aged father, who said, "I am old, they will spare me though they rob the house; come, I entreat of you both, come while you can," that when they brought animals and an escort, they consented to be hurried off to her father's house which they reached in safety.

Soon after the Turks and Kurds entered the village. The people, men, women and children, fled to Mezereh, (some three miles away) the seat of the Pashalic, where the civil and military Pashas resided, and only a few lost their lives. The village was plundered, but only a portion of it was burned. So when the villagers returned, most of them found their empty houses left to them.

During this time, what is happening at Harpoot where the preacher and his wife have fled? The principal Turks assured the missionaries that no

harm should come to the city. "Can you not trust us when we tell you there is no danger!" they exclaimed. (When asked afterward why they did not keep their word, they replied, "The Koran does not require us to keep our word to an infidel.")

Every preparation seemed made to protect the city. Cannon were placed in such a position that they could be used. Soldiers and officers were in the streets. The bugle sounded at intervals, assuring the people that all was right. Rough looking men were straggling up the valleys; many seemed skulking about the hills or behind the rocky heights upon which part of the city is built. An awful stillness hung over us. Officers were entering Christian houses to take away any weapons that might be found in them. Thus the Sabbath passed.

Some Christians sought refuge in the homes of friendly Turks; some hung the white cloth outside their doors. Friendly Turks were known to write in large letters on the doors of their neighbors sentences which served to keep out the plunderer and assassin. Many fled to the homes of the missionaries.

Monday came. A few shots were heard and it was said, "The Kurds have come!" but a few

regulars soon scattered them. A little after midday, at the sound of the bugle, we saw the Kurdish and Turkish mob rushing up the valleys and over the hills with the cry, "Ash! Ash!" (Forward, Forward.) The cannon, turned upon the helpless city, roared destruction; rifle shots filled the air; houses were entered, robbed and set on fire. The plain was a sea of smoke, with lurid flames starting up in many places. Men and women laden with spoils were leaving the city. The houses in the west quarter were fired. The homes of the missionaries and the beautiful Girls' College, were in flames.

But where are Boghos and Mariam? The house of the father-in-law of Boghos was in a Turkish neighborhood. The Turks and Kurds rushed to the windows and demanded that the doors be opened. They threw many things from the windows, hoping to satisfy the mob; but they soon began to break open the doors. As Boghos and his father-in-law went to open them they were fired upon. Mariam, who was praying in an upper room, rushed to their aid, when a bullet struck her in the head. Her husband caught her in his arms, crying, "My lamb." She replied, "I am no longer *your* lamb; I go to be with Jesus," and expired in his arms. Her

younger sister clasped the bleeding father and received a sword thrust in her back, from which in a few hours she died; but her father was spared. The house was robbed; but being in a Turkish quarter was not burned. The family were left with their dead and wounded.

Next day their Syrian friends, at the risk of their lives, removed them and their dead to the house of Boghos' father. This had as yet been spared, for the Syrians had received a promise that they should not be molested.

Toward evening the son of a high Turkish officer, accompanied by a Turkish moolah, rode through that quarter of the city and offered deliverance to any who would confess Islam. No one answered the cry.

When they entered the house where Boghos and his family were, Boghos said to his friends, "I wished to die yesterday with my dear wife. What is there for me now she is gone, save to comfort you!" A Turk rushed up to him, shouting "Selamet! Selamet!" (Confess Islam!) He made no reply and they shot him standing near his dead wife. His father and brother had fallen just outside the door. This was only one of the scenes of crime and suffering in poor Armenia. Boghos and Mariam "were beau-

tiful in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

The poor father had deep lines of sorrow on his face, but never regretted that he gave his children to God. He has been a most earnest worker with the relief corps; one upon whom they could depend to expend large sums of money. The mantle of his children seems to have fallen upon him; for out of a full heart he dispenses food for soul and body.

The church in Hulakegh will never forget Boghos and Mariam. They remember their words, their deeds, their death. They are less in numbers; but we hope more earnest and spiritual through their great affliction. No one fills the empty pastorate; but the Great Shepherd is not unmindful of this shepherdless flock.

How can I better close this little book, than to quote from a recent letter of the Rev. C. F. Gates, D. D., President of Euphrates College:

PALU, Jan. 14, 1898.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

The second day after the close of school for the winter vacation, I started on a relief tour to this place. Two hours out from Harpoot we encountered a dense fog in which we

travelled all the way. It froze wherever it touched us, so that soon it became difficult to open my mouth because of the icicles on moustache and beard. We reached Shukhaji,[1] a village near the Euphrates, at four in the afternoon. I talked to these villagers about feeding on the Bible and being taught of God, now that they have no preacher.

Wednesday, Jan. 13th, the texts in "Daily Light on the Daily Path," were singularly comforting and precious to me. The first was, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." This text I had chosen for the motto of this journey. Another was, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. Another, "Cast your burden" (Margin R. v. "that He hath given thee") "on the Lord and He shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." I felt I could claim this text because the journey and work were given me by the Lord.

We reached the Euphrates at eleven in the forenoon. The animals were led into the boat and we put off for the other shore; but the boat went down stream, sticking on a sand bar some distance from the shore. The boatmen could not get her off, and said, "You must get

[1] This village suffered frightfully during the massacres; many fled into the mountains suffering intensely from cold and hunger until driven back to their homes, where the Turk met them and forced many to outwardly embrace Mohammedanism; but they all turned back as soon as the pressure was removed.

your animals to the shore." The horses would not plunge into the ice-flow. I had my horse brought from the other end of the boat, mounted him, and while the men were all protesting that he could not get out with me upon his back, I spoke to him; the splendid creature waited on the edge of the boat for the floating ice to pass by; the people in the boat held their peace, for a wonder; then, with a bound, he sprang into the current, crashing through the ice, reaching the shore in safety. This feat was the marvel of the village that night.

We spent hours trying to get the loads and animals to the shore. One donkey and one mule went headlong into the water. For five hours I tramped up and down the shore trying to keep myself and horse warm; but the peace of God was with me. "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace." "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Praise the Lord! He kept me in perfect peace. I did not utter one impatient word, nor was my mind disturbed all day.

My man got his feet wet, his stockings froze so he could not draw his shoes off, and his toes were frost-bitten. Others had their hands and feet frost-bitten; but all escaped without serious injury.

We are now safely in Palu; but the weather is bitter cold. It is not apparent how we shall relieve the villages on the Palu plain; but I am confident that God, who called us and brought us, will

also lead us. "For our God is a God of deliverances."

During the massacre in this city, Hagop Shughloian was seized and called upon to accept Islam. He begged his captors to kill his two sons first. They brought the older and laid him before the father. There, with the knife drawn to cut his throat, they again called upon the father to accept Islam; but he exhorted his son never to deny Christ, and the boy died. Then they brought the younger son and renewed their appeals to the father to accept Islam; but he called to his boy, "Look up to Christ!" and this son also was sacrificed. Again they turned to the father; but he laid himself at their feet, saying, "I have sent my two sons to Christ, now *I* can go in peace."

This man's starving widow was one to whom God was sending His missionary servant. In this city, and in the forty-three villages on Palu plain, were many other widows whose husbands and sons had been slaughtered because they believed in Christ.

Sometimes we have asked, Would it not have been better for these widows and orphans who are left, to have died with their fathers, sons and brothers?

"Our intellects cannot reach up to God," is an expression I have often heard in Armenia, and I

WHEN FIRST RECEIVED.

AFTER A FEW WEEKS.

AN INMATE OF OUR ORPHANAGE.

confess, I often find myself hiding behind it. I know God makes no mistakes. In the building up of Christ's kingdom, there is really no retrograde movement; but we must take some things on trust. The Bible teaches that the faith that can do this, honors God, and He will even put this to our account.

This is not the first time that the soil of Armenia has been wet with the blood of Christian children. She seemed in this nineteenth century just to be forgetting what she suffered a few centuries ago. Her schools, her churches, told of happy days in the future. She was awaking to new life and energy. Her sons and daughters were beginning to stand side by side with those of occidental nations, and the glad parents were learning to make many sacrifices on their behalf.

We in this land of a government that cares for the education of all her children, can little realize what the schools opened by Christian missionaries meant to the down-trodden, but quick and sensitive Armenians. How often they thanked God that in far-away America, He had raised them up so many kind friends. Their earlier persecutions made them a religious people. There are many things in their history that strongly remind the missionary of his own Pil-

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may look forward with a broader, wider, clearer faith, to the time when we shall see the Turk, the Kurd, the Armenian, joining hands as they kneel about the cross of Calvary?

How sad is the wail that comes over the waters!
Stop, listen, and hear it from lands far away—
The cry of Armenia—her poor stricken daughters,
"Dear Christian, delay not, come help us to-day!

"We have *tasted* the joy that fills your homes with gladness;
Now sorrow has entered, peace has fled far away.
Our hearts are bowed down now with gloom and with sadness,
No ray of bright hope lifts the darkness to-day.

"How long shall we wait here with no one to help us!
Almost are we ready to lie down and die.
The foe presses forward, will God let him crush us?
Or will the light come from the great throne on high?"

grim Fathers, who were ready to give up all worldly gain for the privilege of worshipping God as the Bible taught them, and of training their children amid such privileges.

Many of the Pastors, preachers and teachers have fallen before the sword of the Moslem. Many more have left behind them the country they loved and for which they would willingly have given their lives, could they thus have delivered it from the hand of the oppressor. Thousands still remain, scattered like sheep upon their mountains. It was for such that Dr. Gates went through cold and ice, and the danger of a half frozen river. Do you wonder that he had "The peace of God that passeth understanding"? Do you wonder that he obeyed the still, small voice which bade him leave his college in the city and go to Palu?

God gives us all the privilege of partnership with Himself. Do we not sometimes forget this when we are tempted to keep back part of the price? It may be that never again will the church be called upon as now to go in and possess the land which is Christ's own inheritance—the land where He was born, labored, and died. Is Christ to be defeated in Turkey? Shall we not pray that our eyes may be anointed so we

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